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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 3, 1978

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TRB

from Washington
June 3, 1978

The Fairy Godmother . . . And Prince Charming

It is my impression that inflation is getting worse, that the president's methods of fighting it aren't working, and that the nation, and perhaps the world, will end up in a heap in a year or so unless some kindly fairy godmother comes along shortly and gives us a lift. My experience with fairy godmothers is limited but I believe that the species is rare (if not extinct) as affecting nations and I doubt if the new one that some economists think they have discovered and call TIP (yes, TIP, the prosaic acronym of "Tax-based Incomes Policy") is the genuine Hans Christian Andersen-Brothers Grimm article.

There is no good reason why a Washington reporter who covers politics one day, and neutron bombs the next, shouldn't plunge in and give the economy a workover. There is nothing the matter with the American economy that a few simple remedies won't fix. Everybody in Washington knows this and has such a remedy. The difficulty of course is that they are all different. And as prices rise and it takes 25 cents to buy a five-cent Hershey bar, and a day's work to buy a rib roast, feelings are rising too. *The Wall Street Journal* charges that "right now, the strategy is mainly demagogy, but it suggests a rising spirit of inflation panic in the White House." *The New York Times*, on the other side, beseeches the Fed not to raise interest rates any higher and implies that "an important segment of the financial community" has "resigned itself to a recession, this year or next," and wants "Washington to manipulate fiscal and monetary policy to slow the economy's growth rate—and incidentally throw millions of people out of work."

Acrimony like this could produce ferocity before long. A recession at home could spread abroad; a weakening dollar, Arthur Burns says, could drag down "the entire international economy."

Burns isn't chairman of the Fed anymore, but his successor G. William Miller, President Carter's appointee, seems to be an ardent disciple of his restrictive tight-money policy. It was amusing to see how foxy old Burns grabbed the headlines last week at a meeting of economists chaired by Senator William Proxmire, which Burns didn't even attend. He submitted a memorandum proposing that President Carter cut his $200,000 salary 10 percent as a symbolic gesture and then call on all presidential appointees and members of Congress to do likewise. The move might spread, Burns suggested, to corporate executives, and make the sacrifices of low-income workers more palatable.

The situation is nothing to be flippant about. Inflation is actually increasing, not decreasing. There are deeper, more alarming symptoms, ones that nobody understands very well. US productivity per worker, for example, is falling. Average output of the individual worker at the factory machines is a handy way of measuring the health of the American industrial system. In the late 1960s productivity was increasing at four percent a year; this figure declined to two percent in the past decade. Now it is still lower. In the first three months of 1978 productivity per worker actually fell at an annual rate of three percent. Alarmed, Dr. Burns urges President Carter to set up a "National Productivity Center" right away to examine the phenomenon, with productivity councils within individual factories, "with the objective of raising output per manhour. This country has to go back to work!" he proclaims.

The wheels of the American economy have been squeaking for some time. Take the last eight years, for example. The average worker seemed to do well: his wages increased 75 percent in that time. But did he really do so well? The actual purchasing power of his increased wages rose only 2.9 percent in "real income." That seems hardly to meet the American dream after eight years' toil. Old people on fixed incomes went downhill. Did grasping employers grow rich at the workers' expense? Apparently not; inflation caught them, too. Annual profits in eight years increased 45 percent, but adjusted for inflation there was no increase at all.

There is no question, I think, that the Carter administration has got religion on inflation. It is scared. It has sent out amiable Bob Strauss, former head of the Democratic National Committee, wheedling and jawboning workers and employers, and it has suddenly produced a lively new figure, one of the most vivid and notable in a long time. This is Barry Bosworth, head of the Council on Wage and Price Stability. I'm not sure how long Bosworth will last: his arresting candor in this drab city will take him either out, I suspect, or considerably higher up.

Bosworth, a University of Michigan PhD, 35 years old, looks 25, has a mop of strawberry blond hair like an ill-fitting wig, and thinks that he and the administration made a "catastrophic" mistake in not objecting to the recent coal strike wage settlement—a 38 percent increase over three years. I was startled the other day hearing him declare on "Meet The Press" that he thought the settlement was "a very disastrous one for this country." Well, why didn't he object at the time then? Wasn't that his business? Bosworth told chairman Proxmire he deeply regretted what had happened. The council had been "silent on the whole situation" and got into it too late: "it was a disaster."

Some friend told Bosworth when he took the job that it would age him; that he would come out of it "looking 40." He looks grimmer already. He told the Proxmire banking committee that he wished he could bring good news. "Unfortunately, this is not the case. As you are well aware, the rate of inflation has worsened some in the past few months."

Why was Carter so slow in attacking inflation? someone demanded. "We never got a very good policy presented to him," replied Bosworth with his alarming graduate-student-style candor. Once the president got the program, he added, "he's been very good." The stakes are tremendous. He fears America could slide into a recession on the order of 10 to 12 million unemployed, lasting two years. To make people accept an anti-inflation system of voluntary restraints, he asks, "Do you have to scare the hell out of them?"

I mentioned that good fairy godmother TIP at the beginning. That's a plan dreamed up by economist Arthur Okun and others now debated seriously by the whole rather desperate US economic community. It would distribute ingenious benefits to workers and employers on their income tax if they decelerated wage and price demands. Would it work? Would the kind fairy wave her wand? Some say yes; some say no, Barry Bosworth says maybe.

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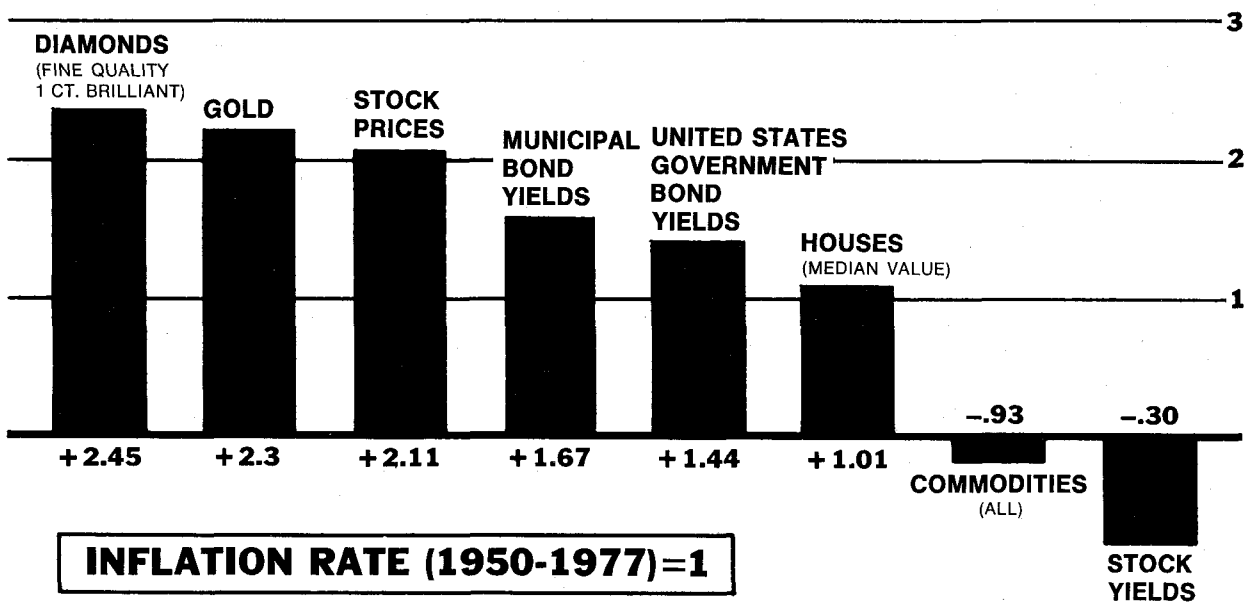
*U.S. News & World Report, July 12, 1976

TYPE OF INVESTMENT INCREASE IN VALUE AS A MULTIPLE OF INFLATION RATE =1 IF HELD DURING PERIOD 1950-1977



INFLATION RATE (1950-1977)=1

NOTE: If this chart were computed on the basis of the last ten years alone, diamonds would show an even more dramatic comparison with other investments: Good quality diamonds have gone up about 700% during that period.* And so far in 1978, DeBeers has raised the prices another 40%.

This chart was prepared by Dr. Michael Leyzorek; a Rutgers Professor and consultant to the Central Selling Organization Of DeBeers Consolidated Mines Ltd. (the worldwide monopoly that controls over 85% of all diamond supply). Due to their cartel nature, DeBeers is prohibited by law from doing business under their name in this country. In the U.S., Dr. Leyzorek is a consultant to only one diamond investment company – **The Diamond Collectors Guild Of America Ltd.**

*U.S. News & World Report, July 12, 1976

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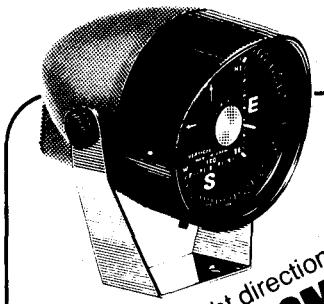

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 3, 1978

Mutiny in California

Californians will have a chance to kick their own state in the teeth on June 6. On that day they will get to vote on Proposition 13, also known as the "Jarvis-Gann Initiative," a proposed amendment to the California constitution. It has become the rallying point for a revolt of middle-class taxpayers, the most recent and potentially most devastating gesture of its kind.

California has been plagued for several years by tremendous inflation in the cost of housing. Other parts of the country have had the same problem. But nowhere else has the inflation been quite so intense and widespread. California stands out also in that it has the most efficient real estate assessors in the nation. They are numerous and diligent. And the law requires that every time a house is sold, they must reassess the entire block on which it sits. The result is that—unlike people who live where the assessors are slow or selective—California property owners watch their real estate taxes keep a quick pace with escalating values. The state has a long history of property tax quarrels. It seems to breed Howard Jarvises. Mr. Jarvis is the wealthy independent businessman who has fought for 14 years to get something like Proposition 13 passed. This time he seems to be very close to succeeding. Having spent relatively little money on the campaign, he and another crusader named Paul Gann got over 1.2 million signatures on a petition to put the question to the public. In doing so, Jarvis has transcended his former image as a tax nut and shaken the state government to its foundations.

The proposition is a straightforward tax slash. It would reduce the maximum *rate* of tax on real property to one percent of the 1975-1976 assessed value (the maximum is now six percent). And it would limit future increases in tax *assessments* to two percent a year, except in years when a house is newly built, when it is sold or transferred to a new owner. The proposition also stipulates that any change in state taxes must be approved by two-thirds of the legislature. This is intended to prevent the state from making up for lost revenue with sales tax increases. It's estimated that this change in the law would cost local governments about $7 billion in lost revenues the first year.

The unexpected popularity of Jarvis-Gann has thrown the state government into a dither. Governor Jerry Brown and the state legislature have given their support to a second, less radical plan, known as Proposition 8. It would not cut taxes quite so much (producing an average reduction of 32 percent as opposed to 57 percent under Jarvis-Gann), and it would permit the legislature much more flexibility in manipulating taxes during the changeover. One reason the governor may be worried, it's been suggested, is that if Jarvis-Gann passes, the state may have to increase income taxes to make up the loss. Yet Jerry Brown recently endorsed an international tax treaty that would lower income taxes on foreign multinational companies in California by $120 million. He may find himself in an awkward bind if individual taxes must be raised while corporate taxes are being lowered.

The Jarvis-Gann backers make a variety of arguments for their tax cut. Sometimes they emphasize the good it will do for the elderly, the handicapped and the poor living on fixed or low incomes. The inflation of property values and the ensuing tax increases are particularly cruel to these people. The elderly are literally driven out of their homes when they must pay tax bills like those in California, which have increased 61 percent in five years. The poor must pay higher rent, for landlords immediately pass tax increases along to renters. The poor also get evicted to still poorer areas when neighborhoods become valuable. At other times, the Jarvis-Gann people change the theme to a lament for the middle class, with emphasis on the many

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sacrifices that must be made to get a little scrap of property. The risk-takers and hard workers who own houses are contrasted with the loose and lazy people on the public payroll. Little is said about the benefits Proposition 13 will give to landlords and wealthy homeowners.

Howard Jarvis himself is the salaried director of the Apartment House Association of Los Angeles County, a role he says has no bearing on his advocacy of Proposition 13. Nevertheless his plan would be a great boon to landlords. It would also help homeowners in proportion to the size of their property investment, as the chart below indicates. The larger the value of the house, the more the owner would benefit from Jarvis-Gann.

Property Taxes for Homeowners in 1978-79 Based on the Current Rates and Rates Under 13.

Value of Home	Tax Under Current System	Tax Under Proposition 13	Difference	% Savings
$ 30,000	$ 617	$ 375	$ 242	39%
$ 50,000	$1,153	$ 625	$ 528	46%
$100,000	$2,495	$1,250	$1,245	50%

Source: National Taxpayers Union.

But the proposition wouldn't have done so well if it didn't offer something more. What it offered many of the million or so people who signed the petition was a chance to express their resentment at the way the government spends money and their despair over the rate of inflation. It is a shout of protest, though not an articulate one. Its aim is clumsy. Yet that is part of its attraction. It is popular because it is simple and broad, and because it flatly contradicts the notion that people will pay whatever is demanded of them for food, shelter and government.

There are few ways to register a public protest against inflation. One cannot vote against pay raises for teachers or bureaucrats. One cannot veto a seven-percent increase in the price of steel or stop the lettuce growers, car makers and oil companies from gouging the market. But in California in 1978 one can vote against property taxes, and many people will do so simply to make their resentment felt.

The irony is that if Proposition 13 succeeds, it will give the most aid to people who are already well sheltered against economic hardships and take the most from those who are exposed. Consider the hypothetical case in which the city of San Jose decides to deal with a Jarvis-induced crisis by closing its public libraries for a year. The family living in a $100,000 house more than likely has a small library of its own which it can use in the emergency. In addition, this family gets a tax break of $1245 which it can spend as it wishes. The family living in an apartment in a housing project loses out not only on the tax break, but it loses its only library as well. The first family's gain is the second's loss.

The illustration is exaggerated, but it renders the meaning of the Jarvis plan accurately. Backers of Proposition 13 say that there is plenty of fat in the public budget that can be cut without interfering with essential services. Yet experience tells us that when cutbacks are made, they are not always made wisely or fairly.

Politically powerful neighborhoods (which usually means wealthy ones) tend to be better served than the poor ones to begin with. They also have a different idea of what constitutes an "essential" service, and they are better able to get what they want from the government in times of austerity. Since Proposition 13 says nothing about how the cutbacks are to be made, we cannot assume that only wasteful public projects and useless officials would be done away with. On the contrary, we assume that custom would prevail and the hardbitten, antique and tiresome bureaucrats would thrive and the imaginative ones would be put out the door.

Proposition 13 is a special-interest tax break dressed up as a common man's cause. The underlying problem it seeks to attack is inflation. Its secondary purpose is to challenge the smugness of government budget writers, who seem to require a crisis before they respond to demands for self-reform. The attack is laudable on both points. But the instrument is blunt and should be discarded.

White House Watch

Improving Jimmy

The Carter salvage and improvement operation continued in late May. Its principal instigator and beneficiary, the President, seemed to agree with his White House assistants that the exercise was getting somewhere and he made more of a show than usual of being in good cheer when a group of editors and news directors from around the country interviewed him. He said that he always looks forward to the rest of the day when he gets out of bed in the morning; that he has "a superb Cabinet" and hopes every member of it stays with him "as long as I am in the White House"; and that he is blessed with "a good staff, solid." The unanointed chief of the staff, Hamilton Jordan, said that with recent changes in it things were "falling into place" and he no longer denied that he is commissioned by the President to see that they do. Robert Strauss, the

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

Overtaxing argument

To the editors:

Robert McIntyre breaks a butterfly on a wheel in "Credit Where Credit Isn't Due" (*TNR*, Apr. 22). More than three pages to destroy the case for the income tax credit! Since corporations must raise the taxes they pay either through higher prices, lower wages, or lower payout to stockholders, wouldn't it have been simpler for him to make the case against corporate taxation *tout court*? Think of all the labor saved! Corporate investment could be based on economics rather than on how to escape taxes. Merger policy could return to rationality. The double taxation problem would be solved, and all the tax shelters businesses indulge in would be worthless. It's a bit radical, I admit, but it would be tax reform, and far more productive than beating on corporations, which already have enough barriers to investment.

Gordon S. Jones
Alexandria, Virginia

Correction

Two words were dropped accidentally from Eliot Marshall's article about the Labor Law Reform Act, "Mock Heroics," in last week's *TNR*. The article should have stated that the cost of a US Chamber of Commerce study of the alleged inflationary effect of the act was $4700 *per page*.

Immigration Certificates

To the editors:

In her article, "The Revisionist in Power" (*TNR*, Apr. 22), Marie Syrkin writes: "Of 231 agricultural settlements established by various Zionist groups before the state, only one was revisionist. While unmartial farmers plowed fields in Palestine, revisionist youth groups strutted in uniforms and military regalia in Poland."

Ms. Syrkin fails to state that the Zionist Labor Movement controlled the allocation of the limited amount of immigration certificates into Palestine, granted by the British authorities, and that the sole reason for the revisionist youngsters to remain in Poland instead of plowing fields in Palestine was the Zionist Labor Movement's policy of allocating the immigration certificates to their own followers.

As a close friend and intimate collaborator of Vladimir Jabotinsky, I was privy to his efforts (now a documented historical fact) to obtain immigration certificates for his youthful followers in Poland and elsewhere. The failure of his efforts was, to some extent, at the origin of organizing the Aliah Beth, so-called illegal immigration.

Benjamin Robert Payn
New York, New York

Marie Syrkin replies:

Does Mr. Payn pretend that if young revisionists had not been foiled by the machinations of Labor Zionists they would have devoted themselves to the unspectacular drudgery of establishing kibbutzim? As a collaborator of Jabotinsky, he surely requires no reminder of the ideological opposition of revisionism to organized labor and the cooperative settlements. It is reasonable to assume that scarce immigration certificates were preferentially allotted to youth groups trained in agriculture and pledged to reclaiming the soil. Nevertheless, there were plenty of revisionists in pre-state Palestine, else why the Irgun boast that its followers toppled the British Mandatory power? I am also puzzled by Mr. Payn's reference to the origin of Aliah Beth. The Haganah and the members of the kibbutzim were the chief organizers and implementers of Aliah Beth as is shown by the epic catalogue of the "illegal" ships. This rescue activity was allied to the continued establishment of kibbutzim in the pre-state period. Finally, how does Mr. Payn account for the fact that after the establishment of the state, in a period of free immigration, of 509 new cooperative settlements only 18 were founded by Herut? No Machiavellian explanations are required. The answer lies in the political and social philosophy of Herut as I pointed out in my article.

To the editors:

Isn't it enough that the whole world screams "Down with Israel" to appease the Arabs? ("The Revisionist in Power," *TNR*, Apr. 22.) Is it necessary to attack the Begin government for its ideology? Have we not learned that only a united world Jewry is capable of survival? What good is Labor Zionism or National Zionism to Israel, if, God forbid, there is no Israel? *Havlaia* (self-restraint) time is over and was never effective in the first place! To mislead the world as to the effectiveness of Israel's present government is a crime in itself! Only united can the Jewish people continue to exist—or do we need another fatal crisis to remind us of it?

To Hitler it made no difference which Zionist ideology a Jew had, he killed them regardless!!

Judith Belf
Denver, Colorado

Fairlie stated

To the editors:

Henry Fairlie is to be commended for the issues he raised in his article "Galluping Toward Dead Center" (*TNR*, Apr. 8, 1978). His distinction between "popular opinion" and "public opinion" is a useful one: the former being the sentiments abroad in the land at any point in time; the latter being the consensus that emerges when popular opinion is mediated through political institutions.

Fairlie is quite correct in chastising pollsters who feel that their findings constitute some immutable element in the public consciousness. Opinion research faces a problem inherent in most of social science: the data of public opinion do not exist in their own right; they must be created. They are created when a question is framed and put to a sample of respondents. The percentage that results is thus entirely an artifact of the question that was asked. Its validity is dependent upon the shrewdness and sensitivity of the pollster.

I would demur with Fairlie's basic conclusions, however, in at least two respects. First, opinion research responsibly used can help elucidate what Macaulay called "the flux and reflux" of public sentiment, thereby helping leadership to understand the broad constraints within which it has room for maneuver.

Second, popular opinion (in Fairlie's sense) need not necessarily be the conservative drag he suggests. Often it is far ahead of our political institutions. On Vietnam, the public had reached the view that the US should cut its losses and get out long before either the Congress or the White House. Similarly,

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lawyer and politician from Texas who doubles as the President's chief foreign trade negotiator and domestic inflation fighter and has made a point in recent months of telling Carter that his own performance needed improvement, said the other day: "He's functioning pretty well in there now. He's functioning as a real leader of this country and he probably wasn't a year ago. But he is today. How much he's turning it around in the polls, I don't know. But polls are pretty fragile, they pop either way."

The assumption underlying many of the White House changes that encouraged Jordan, Strauss and others around the President was that his troubles in the polls, with Congress and with the public generally resulted less from his personal performance and from the substance of his policies and programs than they did from the perception of his policies and programs. A further assumption was that inadequate presentation and explanation of Carter policies and programs accounted for what the President and his people took to be flawed, mistaken and unjust perception. Therefore, the reasoning at the White House went, the remedy lay at least partly and perhaps mainly in improving the processes of presentation and communication.

Two Carter assistants who were busy with presentation and communication in particular and narrow senses were Anne Wexler and Timothy Kraft. Wexler, an experienced Democratic Party technician who had just been transferred from the Commerce Department to the White House senior staff, called in representatives of war veterans' organizations the week of May 15 and argued to them that they should support rather than oppose the President's proposal to end the embargo imposed by Congress on the supply of US arms to Turkey. Hamilton Jordan thought that she had done "a tremendous job" with the veterans. He expected her to be similarly promoting support of the President's urban aid legislation and his proposals for civil service reform and reorganization among concerned special interest groups and in Congress. Tim Kraft, who was Carter's appointments secretary until he was promoted to the senior staff and took on White House liaison with the Democratic National Committee, began inviting groups of 10 to 15 state Democratic chairmen to the White House each Friday. The purpose was to give them a sense of identity with the President and of participation in his endeavors that they were said to have been missing and wanting. The effects of such efforts were slow to surface. The week that Anne Wexler asked the veterans' spokesmen to support the lifting of the Turkish arms embargo, for example, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations voted to continue it. Nevertheless, the hope at the White House was that high-level attention to nitty gritty of the kind that Wexler and Kraft were providing would pay off for the President before long.

Wexler to all effects has displaced one of the most interesting and controversial members of the Carter senior staff, Margaret (Midge) Costanza, as the President's director of public liaison. Costanza keeps her senior staff salary of $56,000 a year and an office in the West Wing where she's quartered with other senior assistants. But she's been moved from a prized office on the first floor, between the President's Oval Office and Hamilton Jordan's corner office, to a modest cubby on the basement level with just enough space for her and a secretary. She kept that much West Wing status only with a personal plea to the President. Her pitch to him was that the removal from the West Wing to the less exalted Executive Office Building that Hamilton Jordan had decreed for her would diminish not only her—she said that didn't matter—but the women's issues and the "domestic human rights" to which her area of responsibility has been narrowed. Her definition of "domestic human rights," a term that she and Carter appear to have devised for her benefit, encompasses all the factions, ranging from American Indians to homosexuals to federally employed women who oppose the President's policy against subsidizing abortions, that she had previously cultivated and spoken for at the White House. Sad to say, however, Midge is kidding herself. Carter and such assistants as Jordan and Strauss are more interested now in the tangible clout that Anne Wexler is supposed to muster than in the neglected, the powerless and esoteric outsiders for whom Costanza undertakes to speak. Costanza's deputy director of public liaison, four associate directors and two secretaries are being removed from the White House Office staff and offered jobs at the Labor Department. There, if they accept the jobs, they will continue to work for Costanza on the staff of a new Interdepartmental Task Force concerned with women's issues and with whatever she can make of "domestic human rights."

The seven White House Office slots taken from Costanza have been or will be assigned to Wexler, Kraft and perhaps to Richard Hatcher, the black mayor of Gary, Indiana, when and if he accepts the senior White House staff position he was recently offered. Jordan and Hugh Carter Jr., Jimmy Carter's cousin and staff administrator, are sweating out the probably impossible task of supplying the beefed-up senior staff with necessary assistance under the WHO ceiling—"that god damned ceiling," it's called in the West Wing—of 351 employees that the President imposed last year. Jack Watson, the Cabinet secretary, wants nine additional assistants, six professional and three clerical, for the staff of a new Inter-Agency Coordinating Council that is supposed to oversee and implement the President's urban aid program. Watson and budget director James McIntyre have braced themselves to tell the President, who predictably won't welcome the news, that he either must raise the WHO ceiling or ask Congress for permission to establish a new unit in the Executive Office of the President, which is already

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bigger and more costly than he intended it to be when he reorganized it last year.

Rosalynn Carter, whose influence with her husband and in his administration is enormous, is said at the White House to be more responsible than anybody except the President for the staff appointment that best exemplifies the new emphasis upon presentation and communication. She attended the meeting on Monday afternoon, April 17, in the President's Oval Office, at which Gerald M. Rafshoon was challenged by the President to abandon his easy and enriching role as a communications consultant and come aboard as the White House Assistant for Communications. Rafshoon, aged 44, is a non-Georgian—he was born in New York City—who nonetheless is very much a member of the Georgia gang around Carter. He went into the advertising business in Atlanta after he left the Navy in 1958, was Carter's media and advertising director during his campaigns for the governorship of Georgia and then for the presidency, and opened the Washington office of "Rafshoon Advertising/Communications" last year. His companies are Rafshoon Advertising in Atlanta and Rafshoon Communications in Washington. He runs both names on the door of the Washington office suite that he shares with Patrick Caddell, the President's personal pollster. Rafshoon's companies will retain his valuable name after he joins the White House staff on July 1. He says that on a salary of $56,000 he will give up considerably more than $100,000 a year in personal income. He is to put his business equities in trust and draw no salary or other income from his companies. It must be assumed, however, that he and his companies won't lose in the long run. He tersely summarizes his most obvious qualifications for the White House job. "I am a professional marketeer, a communicator," he says, "and I have the President's confidence. I know how to relate to him and I know him well enough that I can speak frankly to him."

At a meeting May 19 with the chief public information officers of federal departments and agencies, the day after his appointment was announced, Rafshoon portrayed himself as more the long-range planner and coordinator than a government-wide communications boss. Even so, the government's public information chiefs and the heads of the White House communications staffs that he is to coordinate are well advised to assume that Gerald Rafshoon will figure largely and positively in their lives so long as he is at the White House.

Greg Schneiders, who was one of Jimmy Carter's key assistants in the 1975-76 campaigns and has been in charge of disaster relief, is to be Rafshoon's deputy. Assigning Schneiders and his secretary to Rafshoon saves two WHO slots by staffing up Rafshoon without hiring new people or displacing others. Jordan and Hugh Carter Jr. picked up another slot by transferring Rex W. Scouten, the chief usher, from WHO to the presidential residence staff. It is one of many—among them the domestic policy and NSC staffs—that don't come under the 351 ceiling. Four more slots were opened up by transferring bodies from WHO to the separate Office of Administration. Hugh Carter Jr. says that with these and similar tricks he can meet anticipated staff needs, excepting Jack Watson's nine new assistants, without asking for a supplemental WHO appropriation or maybe even without breaching the President's ceiling if there are no more additions.

John Osborne

The issue is visibility, not discrimination.

Invisible Men

To make sense out of the recent efforts to repeal legislation protecting the rights of homosexuals is no easy matter. But the attack on the legislation is no more mysterious than the legislation itself, which is surely among the most nonsensical ever put on the books, at least if taken at face value.

These ordinances purport to protect gays against discrimination in jobs, housing and public accommodation. But do homosexuals actually experience such discrimination? For the most part, no. There are individual cases, of course. But any meaningful discussion of the subject must compare the need for legal protection to the discrimination in jobs, housing and public accommodations experienced by other minorities in the society. With blacks and women such discrimination has been, and in many cases continues to be, systematic. When one enacts legislation guaranteeing blacks the right to live where they please, the effect of that legislation, if it is enforced, is to alter the society dramatically. The same legislation for homosexuals mostly confirms the status quo.

So why all the fuss? One must start, I believe, from the most self-evident and distinctive feature of the homosexual minority: its invisibility. Well, let us say its near-invisibility. Most gays maintain they can recognize their co-religionists without any trouble—from the way they carry themselves, dress, speak, and so forth. Certainly, however, we can agree that gays are more invisible than blacks and women, more invisible even than Jews (who also, according to liberal ideology, are not supposed to look or act any particular way, but who, very much like homosexuals, talk among themselves as if they can spot one another instantaneously). More pertinent to the issue at hand, homosexuals are all but completely invisible in terms of the rights supposedly protected in the various statutes now under attack. Nearly all homosexuals hold the jobs they hold and buy the houses they buy (not to say eat in

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the restaurants they eat in) on the basis of criteria entirely unrelated to their sexual preference. I have never heard of a homosexual losing his job without either having announced he was gay or getting caught committing a sexual act in public. Discretion has always been a better defense of gay rights than the law will ever be. Jews have not had it nearly so good.

I don't think we get very far by embracing practical explanations for the legislation. The ACLU may be concerned with the principles of the matter, but most gay activists are not out to make a point. The question engages them at an emotional level.

Let me hazard a guess as to the logic of this seemingly pointless controversy. At bottom, I believe, the issue—on both sides—is the one with which I began: visibility. Gays are engaged in seeking the only kind of visibility available to them, namely legal visibility. In a strict sense, to be sure, legal visibility is not their sole choice. They could, in theory, systematically adopt the manners of the most effeminate homosexuals, dress in drag and hold hands in the street, all of which would ensure that they would be as unambiguously identifiable as women and blacks. But such visibility would be psychologically suicidal for the vast majority of homosexuals. It would mean becoming something they aren't. So the law, in most instances, is their only practical way to visibility.

Visibility is important, psychologically, because of the profound role played by its opposite in the life of every homosexual—that is, secretiveness. Part of that secretiveness, obviously, is the common shame in which all human beings hide their sexuality. Nobody fucks in public. That's what it means to be civilized. But among homosexuals secretiveness, or discretion, is more comprehensive. It invades many areas of everyday life that are completely unproblematic for heterosexuals. One must be careful not to exaggerate here. A good deal of a homosexual's life goes by just like anybody else's. Homosexuality rarely forces one to dissemble about food, or nature, or politics, or art, or scholarship. During many hours of the day, in other words, a homosexual enjoys a sense of common humanity. But between those hours of commonality and the time of unambiguous separateness—when one is making love—there is an oppressive gray area, where the burden of secretiveness, though light in its particulars, adds up. Into that area falls above all how one speaks of one's house, one's marital status, one's friends, sometimes one's interests, the books one loves and the physical attributes of one's fellow men and women. It is an area in which one is constantly tempted to be false to oneself. Take, for example, a simple discussion about falling in love. Practically every sentence one utters demands enormous syntactical energy. You can't say, "When you really love a woman" without doing violence to your integrity. You can't say, "When you really love a man" without committing yourself to a political movement or, at the very least, changing the subject of the conversation. So you make your way gingerly through the discussion by way of asexual pronouns and noncommittal substantives. These sentences require constant alertness—and, only incidentally, are often hard on the language as well ("When you tell a person that you love them..."). At such moments the burden of dissembling can seem almost a character deformation. You begin to wonder whether you might not be a very different—and much better—person if you were spared them. Hence the longing for visibility.

If the anti-discrimination legislation represents an attempt to escape invisibility, to become an identifiable minority like the other great minority groups in our society, then the opposition to that legislation derives its energy from a horror of this visibility. The usual source of prejudice—social and economic threat—is obviously irrelevant here. Nor, I think, should one make too much of the religious packaging in which the anti-gay movement presents itself. Religious in this instance is too evidently just an ideological front. If the campaign were being waged 75 years ago, all the arguments, I suspect, would come right out of Darwin. But that naturalist tradition has lost its charm, and the opponents of homosexual rights really have no place to turn for a platform other than to traditional religion.

It is also mistaken, or shortsighted, to explain the anti-gay movement in terms of the base motives of politicians. No doubt those motives exist, but they are perennial. Politicians, by definition, seize on the available issue, and it's wasting one's time, intellectually, to linger over them.

By a "horror of visibility" I mean to suggest that the anti-gay movement is based upon a psychological unwillingness, or inability, to *see* homosexuals. And for good reason. To see them means ultimately to see penises in mouths and anuses. That's the simple truth behind all the blather about "lifestyle." Even more unthinkable, of course, is that one's children should sit in class all day looking at a man who has made a public declaration of what he does with his genitals when he goes home from work. "Recruitment" is a red herring, except for the reasonable fear that a child who admires his avowed homosexual teacher might find it easier to come to terms with his own homosexuality.

The matter of visibility also helps explain why the issue has been argued largely in male terms. To picture two women making love is much less horrifying. In fact, it is a good deal vaguer and more externalized than even heterosexual love-making.

If one accepts the notion that visibility—and not jobs, homes or accommodations—is the real issue, then one can make sense of the seemingly odd gratification that homosexuals have gotten even out of their defeats, as in Dade County and St. Paul. (Incidentally, the trend regarding gay rights legislation is far from unambiguous; since the Dade County referendum five more

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city and county governments have *added* laws protecting homosexual rights.) Gays also win when they lose. Many of them escape their oppressive secretiveness by fighting the political battle. And even those who don't fight benefit from the public debate. Heterosexuals are forced to think—often at great length—about the unthinkable, and in the process gays become visible. It's at this level that the whole apparently nonsensical process ceases to be merely symbolic.

Craig Anderson, among the leaders against repeal of the homosexual rights law in St. Paul, came close to capturing this sentiment in an interview a day after the voting. "It is clear now that we must let the people of St. Paul know who we are. We are your accountant, your lawyer, your waitress and the clerk in your favorite store. We are your police officer, electrician, doctor. We are your neighbor, your friend, brother, sister, teacher, student. We are your parents and we certainly are your children." He needed only to add, "Look at us."

Paul Robinson

Paul Robinson is a professor of history at Stanford.

Two nice guys,
and only one can finish last.

Maine Chance

A lively race for the US Senate is heating up in Maine, where the incumbent, William D. Hathaway, Democrat, who unseated Margaret Chase Smith, is being challenged by Representative William S. Cohen, Republican, who helped unseat Richard Nixon. It is a race that might, if Cohen wins, produce presidential timber, or at least vice-presidential. It is a classic confrontation of old-style politics versus new, and of wildly divergent political personalities: "style versus substance," one of Hathaway's aides called it recently, in a superficially plausible gibe. Only slightly less gibing is the Hathaway campaign slogan, "workhorse versus showhorse."

Hathaway, just plain "Bill," is a rumple-faced, engaging, John-Waynish 53-year-old with a solid but unspectacular record in the House (four terms) and Senate (one term). Cohen, a natural-born "Billy," is an authentic all-American boy, handsome and lithe, looking younger than his 37 years, with the natural grace of the star basketball player (he was New England Hall of Fame Team at Bowdoin). He is almost too good to be true; and, in the view of some Nixon diehards in his party, too true to be good. He achieved national prominence, and won the National Jaycees' Outstanding Young Man of the Year Award, when he cast the tie-breaking vote on the House Judiciary Committee motion to subpoena the Nixon tapes of Watergate.

In a state where the voter registration is split into almost equal thirds—Democratic, Republican, and independent—the race is too close to call. It was nearly thrown into chaos by the threatened entry of James B. Longley, the nation's only independent governor; but Longley decided at the last minute to keep a campaign promise he made to the "peoplaMaine," as he says the phrase in one word, and go back to his insurance business in Lewiston rather than run again for governor or go for the Senate. Some Maine political observers think Longley will go back home to make another million in his business and then run for the Senate seat from which Ed Muskie is expected to retire in 1982.

Cohen calls himself a liberal Republican. Hathaway calls himself, after some deliberation, "a sensible progressive." But they differ on some major issues, on which the outcome may hinge. Hathaway voted for the Panama Canal treaties, Cohen said he would have opposed them. Cohen's opinion came only in response to a challenge from the Democratic State Committee chairman to express his views: not a very smart move on the part of the chairman, since opinion in the state, spearheaded by veterans' groups, is strong against the treaties; the chairman's smoking-out of Cohen could cost Hathaway some votes among his natural supporters in the ethnic, urban, hard-hat patriotic groups.

Hathaway supports the Dickey-Lincoln hydroelectric project on the St. John River, which would flood 88,000 acres of producing timberland and make a stagnant lake out of the last big wild canoe river in the Northeast; Cohen opposes it, as does a majority of the voters among the other big group of natural supporters of Hathaway, the articulate liberal Democrats concerned about the environment.

Hathaway supports a negotiated settlement of the Indian suit claiming two-thirds of the state, a settlement that would give the two tribes at least several million dollars and several thousand acres. Cohen has been talking about having the state government sue the federal government over its handling of the case, and accuses the administration of a conflict of interest between its duty to serve the general public interest and its obligation to protect the Indians, in which the general interest is losing out. There are only 3000 Indians in Maine, and not much sympathy for them among the one million non-Indians who see their property and their taxes threatened.

Cohen said recently that he didn't think the incompetence of the Carter administration ("Carter is intelligent but inept," he said) would be a major factor in the campaign, "although if Bill accepts their support he has to support their policies and share in their defeats and losses." Both Carter and Mondale visited Maine this spring to appear at Hathaway fundraisers.

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Cohen is not seeking endorsements by Republicans outside of Maine. His headquarters in Bangor is labeled "Cohen/Senator" with no party affiliation, and his entry in *Who's Who* does not identify him as a Republican. (He professed surprise at this last when asked if it was deliberate, and said he didn't provide *Who's Who* with any material at all.) Both candidates say the voters will decide between the two of them as individuals, with party affiliations and national policies playing only minor roles.

Ask Bill Hathaway if he can ever imagine a way of life other than politics, and he'll reply, "Never. I love it." Ask him what he'd do if he lost the election, and he'll reply, "I could lose the election, but I don't have to think about what to do next until it happens. Practice law, probably—but in Maine, not Washington. Bad air in Washington." Cohen does think about alternatives, and so does his wife, who was his college sweetheart and who often campaigns, prettily and effectively, with him. "He has lots of options," she said one afternoon recently at a reception in Brunswick. "He can teach, practice law, and write. Simon & Schuster is publishing a book of his poems, and they want him to write a book about politics." The book of poems, *Of Sons and Seasons*, now a best-seller in Maine, published by a conspicuously commercial publisher, is certainly a phenomenon—on the same order as Dr. Johnson's dog that walked on its hind legs ("Not that it is done well, but that it is done at all"). *The New York Times Book Review* said that Cohen "is becomingly modest about his poetry. . . . There are those who would say he has much to be modest about, and he admits he's not an accomplished poet, comparing his poems to 'snapshots an amateur photographer would put in an album.'" This is a fair judgment. I remarked to Cohen that some of the poems were very revealing (erotic love for his wife, who certainly warrants it, and unabashed paternal love for his two boys, 15 and 12, who doubtless do), and that people expected poets to come naked, but not politicians. Cohen said, "Yes. I thought they were too personal to interest other people."

Cohen is the son of a Russian Jewish immigrant baker who bakes the finest bagels in Bangor, and of an Irish Protestant mother. Naturally he is a Unitarian, as is his wife.

Close students of Cohen believe that he harbors thoughts of living in the White House, or at least of working there in the new Mondale style. He knows that it's a long shot for a man from Maine, with its tiny electoral vote and its marginal effect on national politics: still, there is Muskie's near-miss to think about, and Hannibal Hamlin's. I asked Cohen about this, in the course of trying to find out what spurred him on besides ambition. (He quoted John Updike when asked "Why write?"—Updike: "Why rivet?") Cohen denied any dreams of the White House, and was evidently perturbed by the question. He returned to the table after heading out of the Bangor restaurant where we were eating, put his hand on my shoulder, and asked, "Where did you get the idea that I was thinking about the White House? I have lots of interests in life, and politics is only one of them." He quoted Jefferson: "With ambition for a certain office, rottenness sets in."

Hathaway has an 85 percent favorable rating from ADA. ("Not as high as Ed Muskie," he said, a little defensively.) Two of his aides referred to him, admiringly, as "old shoe." A Portland columnist once wrote of him that he'd allow him "to babysit with my kids." Hathaway's father was a railroad engineer. Hathaway was a pilot-captain in the Air Corps, shot down over Ploesti and held as a POW. Sent home to the hospital, he met a nurse who became his wife; she is nursing again, now that their children have left the nest—a married daughter and a son at Harvard. Hathaway went to Harvard College and Law School on the GI Bill, practiced law in Lewiston and was elected to Congress in 1964. Most people thought he was crazy when he challenged Margaret Chase Smith in 1972: her Senate seat seemed to have her name carved on it. She thought so, too: hardly campaigned, and reported expenses of $14,950, against Hathaway's reported $202,208. Hathaway took 53 percent of the vote, and Mrs. Smith retired sulkily to Skowhegan. Maine voters like to have attention paid to them, and don't like their senators to get too "national."

Hathaway's big achievement in the House was getting approval for the Dickey-Lincoln hydroelectric project, in those years a "good" liberal symbol of public power, now a "bad" liberal metaphor for energy wastefulness and environmental destructiveness. As the daddy of the authorization bill, Hathaway naturally would find it difficult to change his position. The actor Robert Redford was to appear at a Portland fundraiser for Hathaway in December, but canceled because of Dickey-Lincoln, costing Hathaway's campaign fund probably $25,000. Cohen switched sides last fall after publication of the Army Corps of Engineers draft Environmental Impact Statement. I asked Hathaway if he might change *his* position when the final EIS appears this month. He said, "I might, but it's doubtful." He thinks nuclear power is the most dangerous energy path, a position that may win back some of the support he is losing over Dickey.

Hathaway and Cohen are both formidable vote-getters: Hathaway got 64 percent in his last run for the

Coming:

Morton Kondracke reports from Saudi Arabia.

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House; Cohen got 71 percent, up from 54 percent in his previous run. There is considerable feeling in the state that it's too bad one of them will prevent the other from going back to Washington next year.

Charles G. Bolté

Charles G. Bolté is editor of *The American Oxonian* and a freelance writer living in Maine.

Can Bill Bradley dribble his way to the Senate?

On the Run Again

"I have often wondered how I'll handle the end of my playing days," said former New York Knicks pro-basketball star Bill Bradley in the 1976 autobiography of his playing years, *Life on the Run*. Bradley spent a decade with the Knicks. Before that he was a Rhodes scholar. Before that, an all-American basketballer at Princeton, which is in New Jersey. Ivy league all-Americans are a rarity, so Bill Bradley achieved some renown in New Jersey, fame that was reinforced by his years in the pros during which time the Knicks games were beamed to half the population of New Jersey on New York television. Undeniably, Bill Bradley is a celebrity.

Now that he has decided how to handle the end of his playing days—namely to run for the New Jersey Senate seat held by Republican Clifford Case—Bradley is happily finding that his fame is transferable. Current polls show him far ahead of the field in a six-person Democratic primary with little time remaining for that to change. His main opponent in what actually boils down to a two-man contest is former state treasurer Richard Leone, who says that for over a decade he's been in the forefront of every important fight for reform in New Jersey. It's in the nature of New Jersey that none of those fights, even one as prolonged as the battle over a state income tax, has gained Leone the notoriety he needs to match the better known Bradley.

New Jersey is the eighth most populous state and the only one besides Delaware without a commercial television station. More than two-thirds of its residents live in the suburbs of New York and Philadelphia, often work in those cities, read their newspapers, watch their TV programs and follow their politics. "New Jersey voters are more familiar with the politicians of other states than their own," says a pollster who has surveyed the state many times. "In a statewide race, getting yourself known is the first ingredient in winning."

Clifford Case has represented New Jersey in the US Senate for almost a quarter of a century, and when he announced for a fifth term he automatically went to the top of nearly everyone's list of safe incumbents. Perhaps the most liberal Republican in the Senate, Case's reelection majorities of over 60 percent reflect the votes of independents and Democrats as well as the backing of groups like organized labor and Jews who more normally contribute to Democratic coffers. AFL-CIO support for Case is a foregone conclusion no matter who wins the Democratic primary. He is a co-sponsor of Humphrey-Hawkins; favors labor law reform; and when the controversial common situs picketing bill reached the Senate floor in the last Congress, Case was for it. His leadership in the unsuccessful effort to dismantle President Carter's Middle East arms package will shore up his Jewish support.

Case does have a primary opponent, perhaps the best financed one he's ever faced, in the person of Jeffrey Bell. Bell is a former aide to Ronald Reagan and author of the famous $90 billion misunderstanding that untracked the Reagan presidential campaign in New Hampshire. Bell's challenge is one of the primaries dubbed by national GOP moderates as cannibalistic. But his premise is probably correct: that if the popular Case is vulnerable at all, it is in the Republican primary, where his liberalism is decidedly out of step with the rank and file and his ties with party organization types are chronically loose. Holding to his new policy of non-involvement in Republican primaries, Reagan has not come to New Jersey on Bell's behalf. But other conservatives—New York Congressman Jack Kemp, former senator James Buckley and Ford's Treasury secretary William Simon—have made campaign appearances.

Bell is relying heavily on direct mail to get his message across to what is expected to be a small turnout of Republican primary voters, a smart tactic in a state where television advertising is expensive and an inefficient means of reaching voters. Still, late polls all show Case with a comfortable lead. No matter that Bell's ideology is better suited to those who will turn out, it is doubtful that he will be able to muster the money and attention necessary to make up the difference.

On the Democratic side, there is no ideological gap between Bradley and Leone, nor, indeed, much distance between them and Clifford Case. For both, the emphasis is on background. Campaigning as a citizen politician, Bradley stresses his community involvement and public service during the off-season months of his career with the Knicks, as an assistant to the director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, for example, along with various charitable groups like the March of Dimes, the Cancer Research Institute and the National Burn Victim Foundation. His talents have inspired job offers from the Carter administration, from Governor Brendan Byrne in New Jersey and Senator Edward Kennedy. He was asked to consider the job of Peace

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Corps director, says one of his TV spots. Bradley's theory seems to be that if Case is to be beaten, the best candidate for the Democrats to send up against him is someone with a varied background and fresh voter appeal, not another professional politician cut from the same cloth as those that he has turned back so easily in the past.

All this brings a tart response from Leone. "There is a difference between having a set of interesting experiences," he says, "and having experience. Bill Bradley talks about being qualified because people offered him jobs. Actually, he'd be qualified if he'd *taken* the jobs." Leone is inclined to stress his political record and his fights, in which he takes considerable pride. As state treasurer—a Byrne appointee—he ordered competitive bidding on state bank deposits and ended the practice of awarding state contracts in return for political contributions. Leone figures that if Case is weak it's because he has devoted most of his time in the Senate to foreign affairs and his seniority has done New Jersey no particular good. If Case is to be beaten, says Leone, it will take a candidate who has a legitimate claim that he can do a better job. In the closing days of the campaign Leone will hammer away at the front-runner Bradley with a new theme: "The next time a candidate tells you what he will do for New Jersey when he gets to Washington, ask him what he's done for New Jersey in New Jersey."

The Democratic primary is unusual in that the power of the vaunted county machines has been neutralized—for the most part. Traditionally, New Jersey is one of the most powerful party organization states in the country. The strength of the organization lies in the capacity of the various county baronies to control nominations, top to bottom. With the organization's blessing comes the party line on the ballot in which all the favored candidates from freeholder through state legislature, Congress and governor are grouped together. To their great disadvantage, unanointed candidates tend to be scattered around the ballot. This sort of "closed primary" system facilitates a kind of regimented voting which has become the New Jersey norm. In some of the state's major counties—Hudson, Essex, Middlesex—the party line can produce pluralities of 30,000 to 50,000 votes.

This year, as the favored candidate of Gov. Brendan Byrne, Dick Leone should have inherited the party line, but for a variety of reasons, he has the organization endorsement *and* a closed primary in only four of the state's 21 counties, including none of the big ones. Some of the reform battles that Leone fought caused him to crack noggins with the same county leaders who are in a position to deliver the line. "You're the guy responsible for the Byrne administration not helping the people who helped them," is a comment, he says, that he hears frequently. Then, too, in the early days of the campaign Bradley pushed hard for open primaries—all the Senate candidates grouped together on the ballot with no organization endorsements. In a few instances he even threatened to run his own line against the organization.

Whether it's credited to Bradley's pressure or the organization's disinclination to choose between two independent minded candidates neither of whom seemed likely to recognize future obligations, the result is the same: in a primary, which is where the party bosses usually exercise the most muscle, the New Jersey Democratic organization will have less influence on the outcome than at any time in modern history.

The latest polls—from the Associated Press and NBC and from Eagleton Institute at Rutgers University—all show a very large undecided vote. Among those who have made up their minds, however, Bradley enjoys a substantial lead, ranging as high as four-to-one. Leone has engaged the services of David Garth, the New York media wizard who masterminded Brendan Byrne's late-surging 1977 reelection, but presently lacks the money to run the TV spots Garth has produced. New York and Philadelphia are two of the most expensive media markets in the country, and money is one area in which Bradley has completely outstripped Leone.

If he is to overcome Bill Bradley's lead, Dick Leone will have to heat things up in a campaign that so far has been lackluster and without issues. He seemed determined to do just that when Bradley began running a television commercial that showed a plaster statue of a man with a briefcase being poured into a mold, removed, painted and set alongside several identical statues. The voice on the commercial says, "Bill Bradley is not tied to old ideas and ineffective solutions. He is not obligated to the special interests or controlled by one or two political cronies. We have had enough politicians cut out of the same old mold."

Irritated by the insinuation of cronyism, and, perhaps, sensing an issue, Leone immediately challenged Bradley to name some names. "Who's he talking about?" asked Leone, "Me? Peter Rodino? Brendan Byrne?"

The Bradley ads irritated some other New Jersey politicians including Dan Horgan, former mayor of South Brunswick and now executive director of the Democratic National Committee. "The commercials put New Jersey in a bad light," says Horgan. "The difference between New Jersey and, say, Missouri is that we put our crooked politicians in jail and they don't." Missouri, coincidentally, is the state of Bill Bradley's birth.

Bradley calmly declined to enter the fray. "The commercials," he said, "are not designed to be insulting to anyone. They're merely to tell people who I am and what I stand for." In politics, unlike basketball, it's sometimes safest to simply sit on a lead. In the final countdown to the June 6 primary, Bill Bradley is going to play his own game, as the sportscasters would say, not Leone's.

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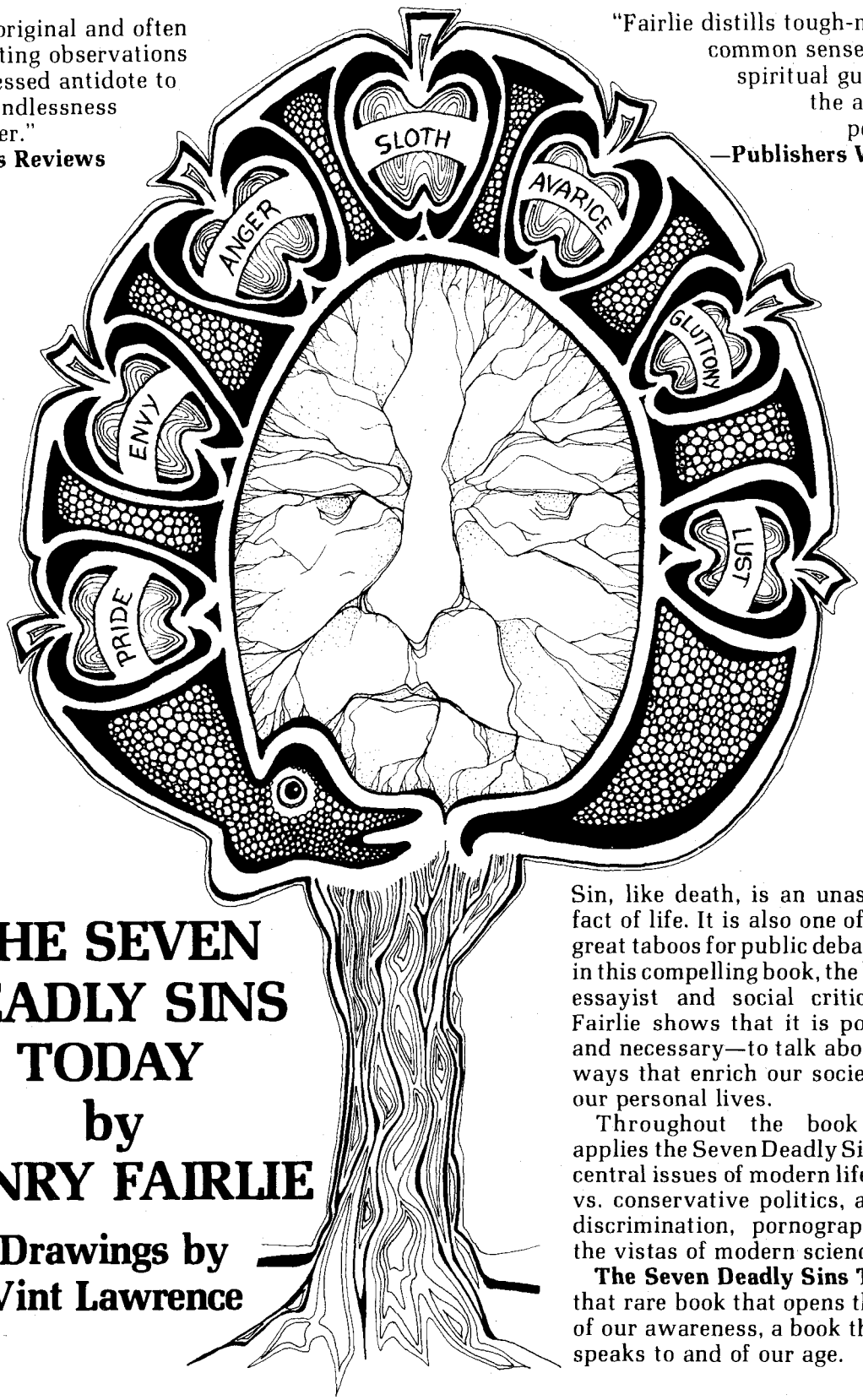
"full of original and often exhilarating observations . . . a blessed antidote to mass-mindlessness altogether."
—**Kirkus Reviews**

"Fairlie distills tough-minded common sense into a spiritual guide for the average person."
—**Publishers Weekly**



THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY

by HENRY FAIRLIE

Drawings by Vint Lawrence

Sin, like death, is an unassailable fact of life. It is also one of the last great taboos for public debate. Now, in this compelling book, the brilliant essayist and social critic Henry Fairlie shows that it is possible—and necessary—to talk about sin in ways that enrich our societies and our personal lives.

Throughout the book Fairlie applies the Seven Deadly Sins to the central issues of modern life: liberal vs. conservative politics, abortion, discrimination, pornography, and the vistas of modern science.

The Seven Deadly Sins Today is that rare book that opens the doors of our awareness, a book that truly speaks to and of our age.

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If Bill Bradley wins the Democratic nomination, as now seems likely, he may prove to be a more substantial test for Clifford Case than most observers now believe. He is smart, articulate, well tutored on the substance of issues, 40 years younger than the incumbent and telegenic as hell. With the help of friends like Dustin Hoffman, Robert Redford and many basketball associates, he is demonstrably able to raise the money needed to finance a strong media campaign. He is also a *bona fide* celebrity, and that shouldn't be undervalued. Dick Leone despairs of getting adequate coverage for New Jersey political contests. "It's harder to get New York and Philadelphia television to come in here than for Moses to part the waves," he says. "If Bradley's not there, they're not interested." That's just the point. Between now and November, the people in New Jersey who watch TV are liable to be seeing even more of Bill Bradley than when he played for the Knicks. The question is whether Clifford Case can stand the comparison.

Ken Bode

An ounce of prevention may be more expensive than a pound of cure.

Legislating Against Cancer

by Richard F. Spark

Eighty to 90 percent of all cancers are caused by environmental factors. This trendy, provocative, and probably correct statement has generated a lot of excitement among environmentalists and public health officials. It stands to reason that if most cancers are caused by environmental factors, they are preventable. We should be able to reduce cancer by simply passing laws to "clean up the environment." The concept is reasonable. Will it work?

There appear to be three stumbling blocks. First, the data connecting specific environmental factors with specific types of cancer are inconclusive. Second, some alleged carcinogens, unfortunately, fulfill a real and unique health need for the public in general and certain individuals in particular. Finally, and perhaps most important, there is the element of public resistance. The public appears to have a genuine (sometimes insatiable) appetite for certain environmental factors that are proven or suspected to cause cancer.

Nitrates, estrogens, saccharin, sexual intercourse and cigarettes are considered to be environmental carcinogens. They illustrate problems facing those who seek to prevent cancer by legislation.

We all eat nitrates. These compounds are the basic ingredients in most agricultural fertilizers and thus become part of all the vegetables we eat. Nitrates are used to cure pork products such as bacon, ham and sausages.

Richard F. Spark is associate clinical professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School.

The belief that excessive nitrate consumption may cause stomach cancer is based on two lines of evidence. Epidemiologic studies in Chile and Colombia have demonstrated a strong positive correlation between nitrate in the diet and the incidence of stomach cancer. Those provinces that have the highest nitrate content in the water and vegetable supply have the greatest incidence of gastric cancer. Second, experimental studies indicate that under certain chemical conditions in the stomach, nitrates may be converted into compounds called nitrosamines. Nitrosamines are known to be highly carcinogenic in all species of laboratory animals tested.

Legislation is pending to ban the use of nitrates in cured meat products. No ban has been proposed on the use of nitrates in other foods. The protective intent of such legislation is admirable. Its wisdom is suspect because it ignores impressive conflicting data and sets the stage for a potentially ominous medical catastrophe. In the United States and in Great Britain over the past 40 years there has been a staggering *increase* in nitrate consumption but a striking *decrease* in stomach cancer. The decline is welcome, but still inexplicable. There *is* a possible explanation for the South American evidence, though. Nitrates in the stomach are most likely to become the highly carcinogenic nitrosamines when there is a lack of stomach acid. This condition, achlorhydria, is very common in Chile and Colombia and, indeed, is most common in those provinces that have the highest incidence of gastric cancer. Very few Americans have achlorhydria.

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The vast majority of us have more than enough stomach acid. This fact is distressingly evident to millions who frequently feel a need for antacids and daily plop-plop-fizz-fizz our way to epigastric equanimity.

Still, nitrates may cause cancer. Would it not be prudent to attempt to cut down on our nitrate consumption? We cannot easily eliminate nitrates from fertilizers without courting agricultural disaster. But why not ban the use of nitrates in cured meat products. Nitrates give smoky flavor and color to cured pork products—properties that may be considered merely cosmetic for the palate. But nitrates also inhibit the growth of bacteria that produce the highly lethal toxins of botulism. Unless some other "safe" agent is found to control the growth of these organisms, our ban on nitrates may reawaken the dormant ogre of botulism, a paralytic disease that kills 50 to 60 percent of its victims.

Estrogens, unlike the ubiquitous and perhaps unavoidable nitrates, are used by only a few individuals. These drugs are given to treat the disabling, troublesome, but not life-threatening symptoms of menopause. Hot flashes, emotional instability, and night sweats are promptly relieved with estrogen treatment.

Three years ago a series of studies charged that postmenopausal women who had taken estrogens were more likely to develop cancer of the uterus than women who had never taken estrogens. The data were impressive. The relative risk of developing uterine cancer was 4.5 to 13.9 times greater in women who had received estrogen therapy. Some physicians challenged the studies. They argued that this was a retrospective study. That is, the investigators studied women who were already known to have uterine cancer and asked them if they had ever taken estrogens. They compared them to another population of women with gynecologic problems including other malignancies and asked them the same question. The association between prior estrogen use and the chance of developing uterine cancer was high and a cause and effect relationship was implied. Past experience has taught us that such retrospective conclusions may be treacherous.

The opponents also argued that if estrogens do indeed predispose to uterine cancer, why have we not seen an increase in the rate of uterine cancer since the introduction of estrogen therapy? Aha, countered the proponents. It is because gynecologists have been doing countless, unwarranted hysterectomies, thereby removing the organ at risk.

The argument goes on. But most informed physicians agree that chronic estrogen use probably does increase the chance of developing uterine cancer. Interestingly, further analysis of these studies and others reveals that women who have taken estrogen and developed uterine cancer tend to have low-grade, easily curable malignancies. Those women who have never taken estrogen were found to have uterine cancer less frequently, but were more likely to have far advanced disease when the cancer was discovered. In one study, 18 percent of the estrogen-unexposed group had inoperable cancer at the time of diagnosis, whereas only one percent of the estrogen-treated group were inoperable. This discrepancy is probably due to the fact that estrogen treatment tends to cause malignant uterine tissues to bleed. The sudden appearance of vaginal bleeding in the post-menopausal woman is an alarming symptom and will bring her to the doctor promptly, when early diagnosis and treatment are more likely.

Some groups have called for a ban on further use of estrogen. The Food and Drug Administration has opted for a more moderate course, two warning labels—a technical package insert available to physicians, and a clear, non-technical warning given to every patient. This action is commendable, but it is unlikely to reduce estrogen use by post-menopausal women. As most physicians who have tried to withhold or withdraw estrogens have discovered, women who are currently suffering from daily hot flashes and drenching night sweats invariably demand to have their distress treated now even though the treatment may risk cancer later.

Unlike nitrates and estrogens, saccharin falls under the Delaney Amendment.This law specifies that no food or food additive that has been shown to cause cancer in animals may be considered fit for human consumption. There is, alas, a single Canadian study that has demonstrated an increased risk of bladder cancer in animals fed saccharin. In this study, pregnant rats were fed a high (five percent) solution of saccharin, which was also administered to their offspring. The study found an unexpectedly high incidence of bladder cancer in the male, but not the female, rats.

On the basis of this solitary study, Canada has decided to ban saccharin. We in this country have chosen to waffle. Since the Delaney Amendment does not invite waffling it was circumvented by still another law, the Saccharin Study and Labeling Act. This legislation enacted just before Thanksgiving delayed the decision on banning saccharin for 18 months, but required warning labels on all products containing saccharin after February 21, 1978.

Knowledgeable people in the field generally believe that the Canadian ban was precipitous, and our delaying action was prudent. There is simply no evidence that saccharin consumption increases the risk of bladder cancer in humans. The English have done some excellent epidemiologic studies in this area. They have, for example, noted an association between bladder cancer and cigarette smoking. These studies have been going on since the turn of the century. Saccharin was introduced for public consumption in 1939. If it really caused bladder cancer in humans, then some time in the last 39 years this fact should have been

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reflected in the English data. But it has not been. Furthermore, diabetics who must control their sugar intake have understandably become copious saccharin consumers. Yet bladder cancer is less common in diabetics than it is in the general population. (Cigarette smoking is also less common among diabetics.)

We are left with a single animal study incriminating saccharin as a bladder carcinogen, some human studies that appear to exonerate saccharin, and the well-intentioned but inflexible Delaney Amendment, which, for the moment, has been sidestepped. What happens in 18 months?

The public's appetite for sweets, fostered during childhood and nurtured throughout our acned adolescence, will not disappear. There is no acceptable alternative low-calorie sweetener on the shelf, as there was when cyclamates were banned. If saccharin goes too, we will have to return to sugar. Such a high caloric onslaught will worsen diabetes, obesity, hypertension and other cardiovascular disorders. These diseases individually and collectively are 100 to 1000 times more prevalent than cancer of the bladder. Considering that a saccharin ban will aggravate the medical problems of millions of Americans, is it justified?

Life without Diet Pepsi would be unnerving, but life without sex would be downright depressing. Sex causes cancer. Not just any sex, but promiscuous sex seems to cause cancer of the uterine cervix. This form of cancer is virtually never seen in nuns and is extremely common in prostitutes. Women who have had multiple sexual partners or women who are married to men who have had multiple sexual partners tend to have a higher incidence of cervical cancer than women who have had a single sexual partner. The alleged environmental agent is apparently a Herpes virus. Even though the evidence linking promiscuity with cervical cancer is quite convincing, health consumer advocates, environmentalists, and concerned legislators have been curiously silent on this particular issue. No congressman has come forth to propose legislation that would ban promiscuity. Nor, for that matter, has the FDA even recommended affixing a warning label to the incorrigibly lascivious. After all, who on Capitol Hill is qualified to cast the first stone?

And as with other carcinogens, there are possible countervailing health benefits. Other epidemiologic studies indicate that early intercourse seems to provide some protection against the eventual development of breast cancer. Nuns, who have an unusually low incidence of cervical cancer, unfortunately have a high incidence of breast cancer.

Then there are cigarettes. Of all the alleged environmental carcinogens to which the public is commonly exposed, the scientific indictment against cigarettes is strongest. The evidence is too familiar to repeat here. Legislative action on cigarettes took the form of a warning label on every package of cigarettes. When this legislative action was proposed, there were 54 million smokers in the country. Today there are 54 million smokers in the country. The American Cancer Society and the government note with pride that the population has increased during this interval and, therefore, the percentage of smokers has decreased. This is, at best, a Pyrrhic victory. The incidence of lung cancer has risen twentyfold over the last 40 years.

Unlike the other alleged carcinogens mentioned, there are really no demonstrable health benefits from smoking cigarettes. Ross Millhiser, president of Philip Morris, disagrees. He quotes some individuals with impressive scientific background who maintain—without data—that the "significant beneficial effects of smoking . . . originate in the search for contentment." The same might be said in support of heroin use.

Public health legislation works only when it derives from sound scientific data and creates little or no demand on the public for sacrifice or change in lifestyle. Even if the data were more convincing, it is unreasonable to assume that we can expect postmenopausal women to happily suffer through night sweats and expect the rest of us to give up sausages, saccharin, cigarettes and sex. If the public will not cooperate in preventing disease, what option is there? Effective diagnosis and treatment of disease is still a proven alternative.

The management of venereal disease is an excellent case in point. High school hygiene classes and Army training films graphically illustrating the perils of fornication are praiseworthy, but ineffective in preventing syphilis and gonorrhea. Early diagnosis and judicious use of penicillin and other antibiotics have been effective in treating these diseases when prevention has failed. Likewise, the impressive decrease in heart disease *mortality* in the past decade does not appear to have resulted from any preventive measures that have decreased the incidence of the disease itself. There is no evidence that we have been more chaste about our diet, smoking, or physical activity. But we have improved our diagnosis and therapy to the point that once the disease is clinically apparent, it can be treated with greater success.

Even in malignant disease, except for a handful of industrial carcinogens such as asbestos (cancer of the lining of the lung), nickel (cancer of the nose and throat) and 2-naphthylamine (cancer of the bladder)—substances that did not appeal to the public in the first place—our greatest gains have not been in prevention, but in early diagnosis and treatment.

Nevertheless, the current vogue for ferreting out other environmental carcinogens will continue. Hundreds of substances are currently under investigation. Considering the investigatory zeal devoted to such ventures, as well as the proclivity of certain strains of laboratory rats to develop cancer, it is more than likely that an endless series of potential environmental carcinogens will be announced. This, in turn, will

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provoke additional legislative action. Printing labels may be the greatest growth industry of the next decade. The notion that this will eventually give us a carcinogen-free environment is unrealistic.

Although less fashionable, it may be more productive to concentrate on improving our cancer diagnosis and treatment skills. The public role in such a program is not to suffer or sacrifice, but rather to pay more attention to their own bodies. The early recognition of symptoms remains our most effective weapon in battling cancer. The medical profession should re-focus its attention on the basic mechanisms of cancer.

Preventive programs need not be jettisoned, but they must be placed in proper perspective. When we speak of environmental carcinogens, we are not referring to some obscure noxious vapors belching forth from an industrial smokestack to pollute our atmosphere. Rather, we are dealing with factors that are commonplace, frequently useful, sometimes desirable and unfortunately ubiquitous.

Grey Eminences, VII

The Old Refrigerator

by John Taft

Lytton Strachey, in a bitter mood, once described the mediating skills of a Victorian diplomat whom he did not like: "His temperament, all in monochrome, touched in with cold blues and indecisive greys, was eminently unromantic. He had a steely colorlessness, and a steely pliability, and a steely strength. . . . His views were long and his patience was even longer. He progressed imperceptibly; he constantly withdrew; the art of giving way he practiced with the refinement of a virtuoso. But, though the steel recoiled and recoiled, in the end it would spring forward." The words might have been written about Ellsworth Bunker, the last Victorian diplomat, who claims he is going to retire this month.

Bunker's tall, white-haired, bespectacled appearance is the stereotype of a Yankee brahmin and diplomat. It surprises people to hear that he spent 35 years in the sugar industry before switching to public service. How could someone so successful in business have emerged such a perfect gentleman? Probably because his father owned the National Sugar Refining Company before Ellsworth joined as a dockyard hand and "worked his way up." His good business sense was thereby rewarded without too much back-stabbing or fraud.

Bunker gave World Wars I and II a miss, due to ill health and business duties. He showed little interest in public affairs until 1950, when Dean Acheson asked him to serve as ambassador to the neo-fascist regime in Argentina. Acheson, an old friend who had coached Bunker on the Yale freshman crew, was delighted by "Elly"'s performance in Buenos Aires. Acheson later wrote approvingly: "In no time Bunker, icily cold, meticulously correct, hard as a rock in negotiation, had won the respect of Perón and Argentine officialdom. He could not have cared less about the public's attitude toward him." This indifference to public opinion, which Acheson continued to extol, served Bunker well during his first decade with the State Department.

As a Yale man born in 1894, Bunker might have joined Fitzgerald's lost generation, but he chose instead to remain in the 19th century. His Victorian devotion to hard work and duty also entailed a certain British insularity. Before moving to our embassy in Rome in 1952, for example, he had never visited Italy in his life: remarkable for a man of his age, wealth and education. It was in Italy that Bunker's mediating talents began to bear fruit. The struggle with Yugoslavia over Trieste had reached an impasse; and Bunker's discreet efforts had some effect in resolving that expensive and tedious dispute. He left Europe with his reputation intact.

Some business cronies referred to Bunker as "an old pinko." By this they meant that he was a confirmed Democrat. In reality, Bunker has no apparent opinions on domestic political issues, and none that have interfered with his work on foreign policy matters either. Bunker could work for a Republican administration that would have nothing to do with his friend, Averell Harriman. When the Republicans came in, John Foster Dulles laid Bunker off from the State Department for a few years, but recalled him in 1956 to head

John Taft is a Washington writer.

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the US embassy in India. Once again, Bunker took up the practice of mediation, this time between a self-righteous Dulles and a sanctimonious Nehru. His success in India was a quiet one—he restrained both sides. Nehru surely felt at home with this stiff, cool diplomatist, so familiar a type in the Anglo-Indian civil service. At the same time, Bunker assessed India's prospects with the eye of an optimistic businessman, dutifully quoting Eisenhower's bromides, just as he had quoted Truman and later would quote Johnson. Bunker could eventually proclaim with legitimate pride that relations with India had "never been better."

When he boarded the ship back to America from India, Bunker thought that he was returning for the last time. His wife was seriously ill; he felt ready for retirement. But as a private citizen he undertook two special assignments for President Kennedy. Both were successful applications of the classic Bunker technique. In both Indonesia and Yemen he had to mediate an armed confrontation. And in both cases he let the most intransigent side have its way, while enabling the loser to save face. Crown Prince Faisal, the loser in Yemen, said later that only his personal admiration for Bunker had made him give in. In fact Bunker's extraordinary presence often has instilled respect, verging on trust, in other foreign potentates. Perhaps he is what so many petty rulers would like to be: the rich, handsome, gentlemanly representative of a powerful democracy. Other diplomats who have come out of this mold, except possibly David Bruce, could never fit the image with such exquisite perfection.

Even President Johnson was influenced by the mystique. Just before the assassination, Kennedy had secretly designated Bunker as US representative to the Organization of American States; Johnson approved the appointment, which became official in 1964. Bunker was by then a widower and 70 years old. His background in sugar and shipping gave Bunker an expertise and notoriety south of the border. His public pronouncements remained those of an optimistic industrialist. To his eternal discredit, he approved of OAS programs "designed to enhance the internal security capabilities of the military and police forces of Latin America so that they may be better able to cope with threats of violence and subversion." He also supported OAS intervention—meaning United States intervention—in "situations which involved threats to the peace and security of the hemisphere." This included the 1965 landing of Marines in Santo Domingo, where the United States had decided that Castro was coopting a progressive revolution. So a military dictatorship took over once again, and Bunker arrived at the head of an OAS committee to negotiate a compromise regime. After a year of patient effort and frightful risks, he contrived to do that almost singlehandedly. The leader of the Dominican left finally conceded, "I have the respect for that man that I have for my own father"—and a right-wing general agreed.

Lyndon Johnson agreed too. Bunker had often echoed LBJ's remarks during the crisis. Johnson began to introduce Bunker as a personal mentor, offering him whatever diplomatic job he wanted. The president was especially pleased when Bunker married Carol Laise in early 1967. Laise was then ambassador to Nepal, which made them the first husband-and-wife ambassadorial team in US history.

Although Ellsworth remained briefly with his bride after the wedding, their team was soon separated so that he might serve as our viceroy in Saigon. Here Bunker's narrow intellect and indifference to public opinion did not serve him well. The number-one American in Vietnam, giving final approval to all important military and political decisions, he bears as much blame as any official for our continued presence in Indochina during the Nixon era.

Bunker's initial impact in Saigon was to increase the efficiency of US operations. He ran the bureaucracy like a good business, though in this case ignoring the question of its basic solvency. While in India he had defended the image of the diplomat. "Like my notorious colleague of *The Ugly American* I have attended many cocktail parties . . . where I usually meet my friends of the press and often acquire from them information I find useful in my trade. Unlike him, I have gone to the 'boondocks' and talked with the farmers and the villagers." Bunker seldom got to the boondocks in Vietnam—he was old, we were at war, the peasantry spoke no English. And like most of his breed, he avoided those journalists who might have enlightened him. When questioned about American war protests, he replied that he knew little about what went on at home but that a majority supported Nixon. This was a diplomat's standard answer.

Often thinking of the Korean war, he showed great partiality to the US and Vietnamese military. He described General Thieu in 1967 as "an extremely reasonable, open-minded man"—presumably one who would succumb to Bunker's persuasion. But his charm never worked on Thieu, who managed to make Bunker a personal apologist in America. Like other westerners before him, he was corrupted among the mandarins.

A Wilsonian Democrat, Bunker believes in reason and "legitimate nationalism"—that is, any nationalism that does not seem to threaten US interests. Naturally, this presented him with insoluble problems in Indochina. He might have had similar problems in the Dominican Republic except for our overwhelming power. One of his favorite epithets was given him in Santo Domingo, where a group of leftists called Ambassador Bunker a "horny, interfering old duck." But they were wrong in this description. Bunker is a cold-blooded bureaucrat who implements White House policy with extraordinary competence and technical skill. He follows orders. Later on, in Saigon, he acquired a more suitable nickname: "the old refrigerator."

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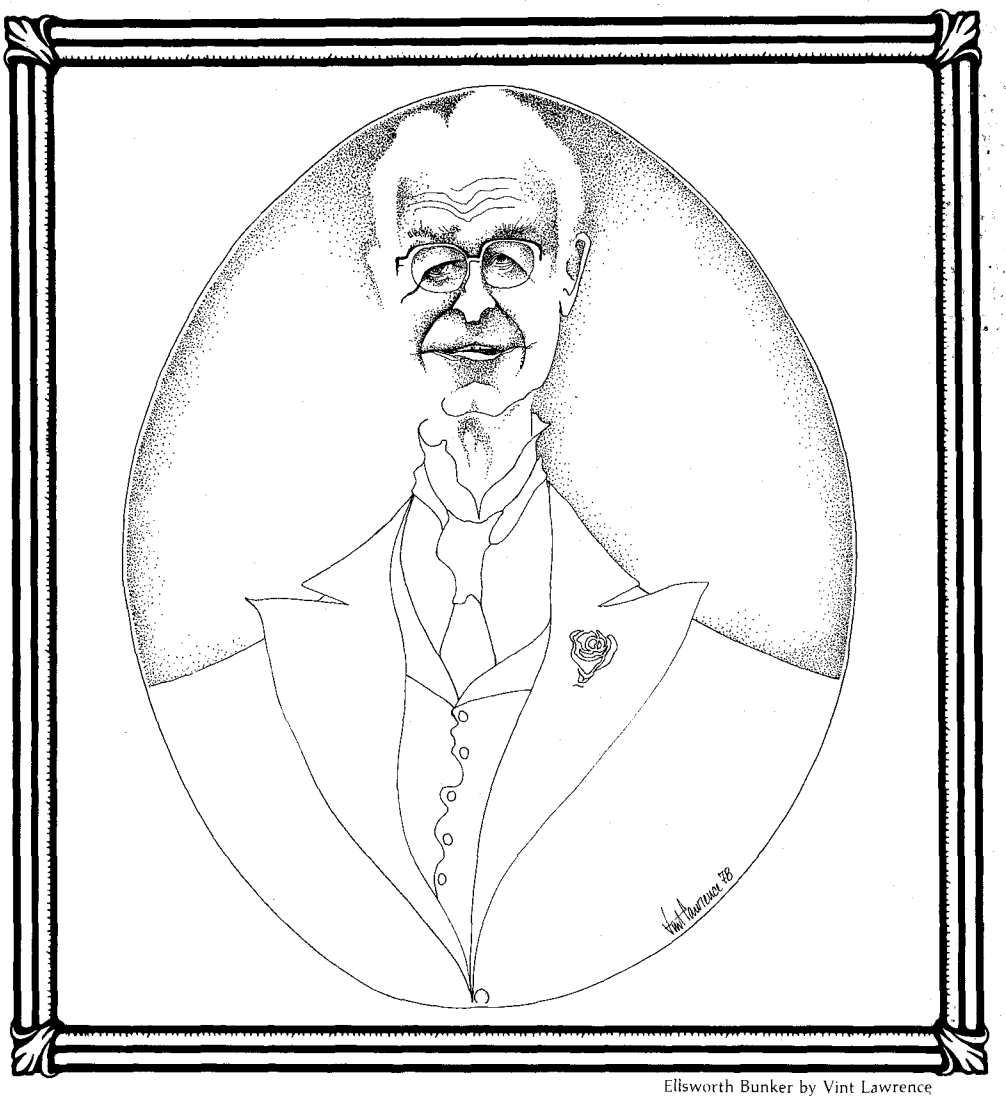

Ellsworth Bunker by Vint Lawrence

Having held only one post north of the tropics, Bunker represents the best and worst of American diplomacy in the third world. The best, because with his steely competence he never makes a fool of himself (as does, say, our current chief spokesman to the third world and United Nations ambassador). The worst, because with his Wilsonian optimism he too often applied American assumptions to unique problems. He sometimes urged that every country's special character be respected. (For example in 1973, defending General Thieu, Bunker reminded reporters, "I have always said that countries like Vietnam, and the countries in South America, should not be expected to model themselves on us and our democratic form of government.") Yet Bunker's own premises remained the same. He was not necessarily wicked, just unrealistic. In a rare burst of philosophical expansion, he once declared: "It is possible to view the history of the 20th century as a rejection of ideologies." Possible, yes, but erroneous.

So long as the United States had a Victorian dominance, Bunker's technical virtuosity carried the day. It would be silly to attempt to assess his overall influence, for he shied away from general policy-making. This foreign servant *par excellence* has kept the American ball rolling wherever it was headed. Perhaps the moral is that good envoys are seldom deep thinkers. Always a voracious reader, Bunker has published almost nothing besides speeches and interviews. He never kept a journal. His wife wants him to write his memoirs, but he probably never will.

After Saigon Bunker returned to Washington with his wife and, though 20 years older, looked quite as healthy as she, standing erect as a schoolboy and always impeccably dressed. They got along just fine with Kissinger, who quickly promoted them to new positions. Carol, now top female at State, began delivering trendy speeches on women in diplomacy, government secretiveness and the "fundamental transition" in American foreign policy. Elly took charge of Panama negotiations and the Geneva conference on Middle East troop withdrawals. With advancing age, he became more restless than ever. He copied Kissinger's style by moving around with the secretary from one foreign theater to another—now Geneva, now Panama, now Jerusalem—during a two-month marathon. In a futile effort to lower oil prices, he went with Kissinger to Saudi Arabia, where King Faisal's old admiration for Bunker no doubt smoothed the way.

Ten years earlier, Bunker had helped to pacify Panama after some nationalistic riots in that country. As a lover of seafaring, and as a shipping magnate, the canal lay close to his heart. He was uniquely qualified to revive the torpid negotiations. Bunker maintained his progress at the bargaining table with perfect momentum—sometimes backward, more often forward—through the calm and stormy periods of Panamanian and US politics. He won Pentagon support for the treaty by separating the issues of canal operations and canal defense—a typically adroit move. Sol Linowitz joined him only after President Carter took office, when most of the work had been done. This past year Bunker has spent placating Congress and soothing Panama's nerves during the senatorial debate.

His wife quit the State Department recently to look after her azalea bushes, but it is hard to imagine a rusticated Ellsworth Bunker, pottering around among the sugar maples on his Vermont farm. After he and Carter return from Panama this month, perhaps Bunker will press on—busily performing new diplomatic chores, until at last his meager warmth is completely extinguished.

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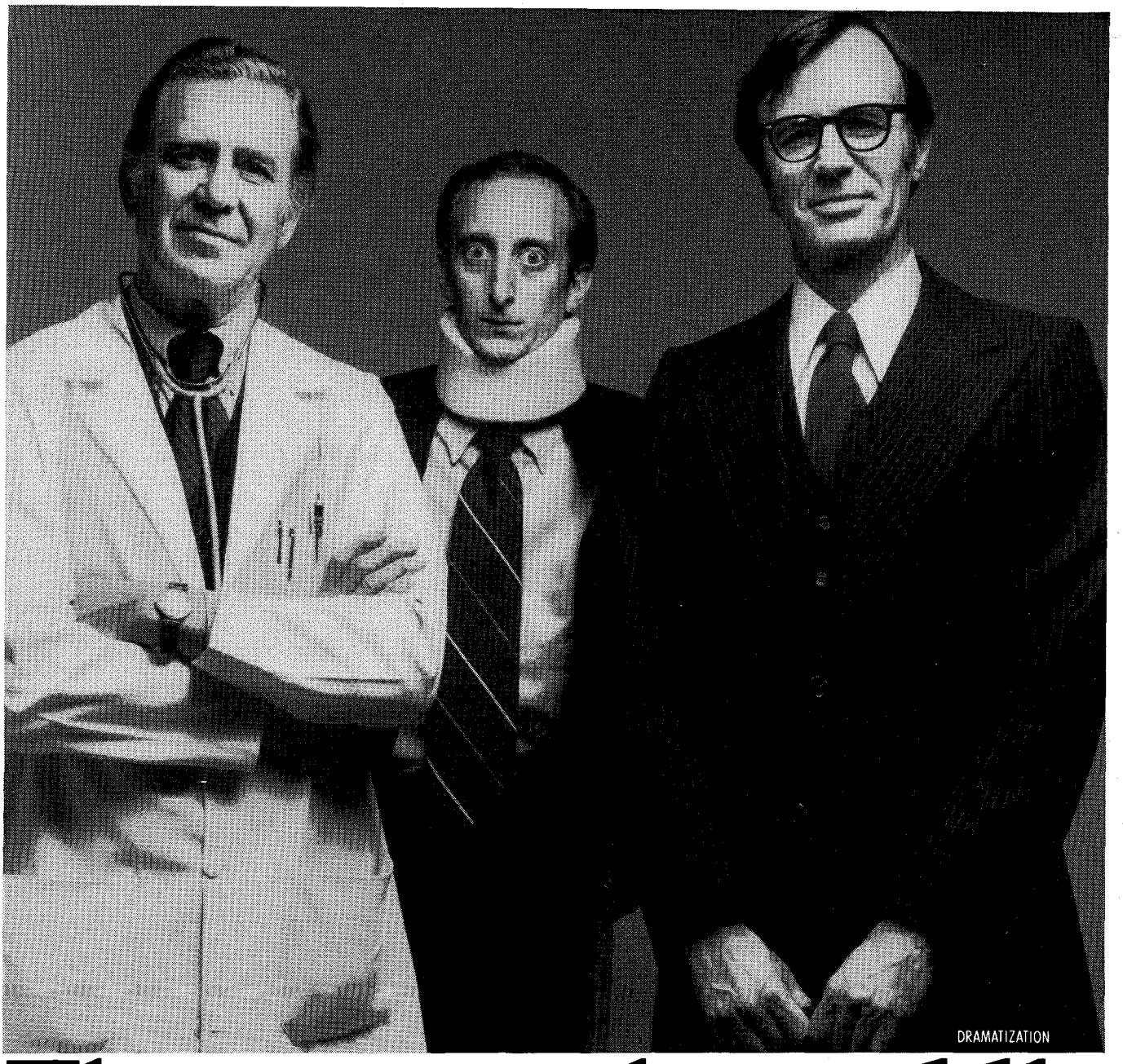

The man in the middle just won a big award.

This is the true story of the victim of an automobile accident.[1] Let's call him Phil.

A jury has finally[2] awarded Phil $12,000 for his losses (and the court tacked on $1,160 for costs), so why isn't *he* smiling?

Watch closely as the tort system gobbles up that $13,160:

Phil's lawyer (at right) takes $6,450 off the top.[3]

Dr. A (at left) gets $600 in witness fees. (He charged only $425

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for treating Phil in the first place—in this crazy system you sometimes make more by telling a court what you did than you make by actually *doing* it.)

Doctors B and C take $325 more in witness fees and another $470 or so falls through the cracks, leaving Phil with a check for $5,311[4]—nearly three years after his accident.

Now a system that used up 3 years and $8,000 to put $5,300 into a victim's hands may strike you as unwieldy. And Ætna agrees.

State by state, we're supporting strong, workable "no-fault" auto insurance plans.[5] Where no-fault isn't in the cards, we think compulsory arbitration can help get most cases settled faster and more economically.

Lawyers' contingent fees should be better controlled. And, where appropriate, victims' payments should be made periodic, rather than in one lump sum which some outlive and others never need.

Passing the laws to reform this system is slow, frustrating work, but it is the key to controlling auto insurance costs. Don't underestimate your own influence with your elected representatives. Use it as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1]We've taken poetic license and put a neck brace on Phil, although his actual injuries didn't require it.

[2]Nearly three years passed between Phil's accident and his award. Such time lags are often a cause of grave hardship, and are a strong indictment of the present tort system. Chief Justice Warren Burger put it this way: "The business of involving the judicial process to dispose of an automobile accident is an expensive and cumbersome method that should be abandoned, as we did with industrial-injury claims long ago."

[3]Lawyers handling liability cases generally charge a "contingent fee"—a percentage of the award paid to the victim (the percentage may be as high as 50%). Phil's lawyer claimed 40% of the jury award for his fee plus $1,650 for certain costs advanced. He later advised the press that he had reduced his fee.

[4]In other words, only 44% of the jury award actually reached the victim. More than half was consumed by the costs of an inefficient system—costs which are reflected in the premiums of insurance buyers.

[5]"No-Fault" is first-party protection. Your insurance covers *your own* medical expenses and lost wages; the losses of whomever you hit (or get hit by) are covered by *his* insurance. No-fault has enormous potential for speeding and simplifying claim payments and controlling the cost of auto insurance. Unfortunately, the no-fault laws in many states (including the state where Phil lived) have so many loopholes that they fail to keep most claims out of court. Ætna supports the passage of federal guidelines which would require states to enact strong laws with real consumer protection.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Looking for Justice?

Life is unfair. (Sorry to break it to you so abruptly, but it's high time you knew). Here are two new films, one by a director of international name dedicated to putting his country's culture on film and the other by a clever commercial type, and which of them is better? Alas, to raise the question is to answer it.

"Better," let's say in shorthand esthetics, simply means absorbing, and I was much more conscious of the two hours' passage in Satyajit Ray's film than in Claude Lelouch's. But if we look a little below that, we see that more is involved than "mere" entertainment quotient. At any rate, that quotient comes from skills.

Ray's *The Chess Players* (Creative Films International) is set in 1856 in Lucknow, the Moslem center of the subcontinent. (This is Ray's first picture in Hindi instead of his native Bengali.) The British, through their army and the East India Company, have been permitting the Moslem kings to rule in the Moslem state of which Lucknow is capital. The present king is a composer, a devotee of dance and song, a connoisseur of the arts, and a very bad ruler. The two title characters are his subjects, wealthy Moslems who spend their days playing chess while the wife of one pines for her husband and the wife of the other does not—she has a lover. The local British commander, because of the bad government and the discontent of the people, moves to take power, by force of arms if necessary, to insure the security of the kingdom for British interests.

These are quasi-Chekhovian materials, obviously. This particular Cherry Orchard is being taken over, not by a *nouveau riche* in mixed awe and vengeance but by a cold force: still there is the same contrast between an elegant order and a graceless, efficient but ultimately more humane new order. Once again the East has bowed to the West, the Greeks to the Romans.

But Ray's screenplay does little more than set all this out in the first 20 minutes or so, then go round and round the elements again and again—from British commander's office to king's palace to chess game—with no deepening of the characters, about whom there is nothing more to be known after those first 20 minutes, and with only the slow inevitability of the changeover oozing along outside the film's triangular shape. The commander (unattractively right), the king (pleasantly wrong), the two players (pathetic symbols of amiable lethargy), over and over. The one small dramatization of the matter is when the two players, to escape army service should the king decide to defend his crown (which he doesn't), move their chess game to a deserted village across the river.

The details of Ray's filmmaking only add to the tedium. About the Hindi dialogue I say nothing, since my Hindi is rusty. But the English dialogue, in the commander's scenes, is stale stuff and is delivered by Richard Attenborough—in Scottish accent—with his voice trapped inside a three-note range and his manner fitted to the first talkie ever made.

The most shocking aspect of the film is that such an experienced director as Ray should be so technically maladroit. In many scenes the camera zooms in for an immense close-up of the speaker for no other reason than that the scene is ending. In one scene with Attenborough, the camera follows him at waist level as he crosses the room so that, when he sits, his head will come into frame—a clumsiness that no good film school would allow in a first-year student. When the two nobles are playing in the deserted village near the end, they spy a boy some distance off whom they call to serve them. We see the boy from their viewpoint, then in a long shot, then we look from behind him to the two men, then we follow the boy in a traveling shot as he walks toward them—all this fuss about a tiny detail in the story and all of it revealing the still-recurrent insecurity in Ray's technique. For the viewer who knows or cares little about such matters, the effect is unconsciously distracting, unclean.

Claude Lelouch is much cleverer. He aims low and hits his target. Abstractly, we may deplore; concretely, we respond. *Cat and Mouse* (Quartet Films) is a murder mystery set in Paris today—or at least in 1975 when it was made. (What a comment on the commercial judgment of the commercial smart guys, that it took them three years to import this picture.) The murder victim is a millionaire with an attractive wife (Michele Morgan) and a porno-star mistress. The hero is a mature detective (Serge Reggiani) with a call-girl sweetheart and a pretty daughter. There is a good-looking young assistant detective who gets together with the pretty daughter, as eventually the mature detective gets together with the mature widow. We see lots of luxe and lovely settings, lots of good eating. The cinematography, by

Films Worth Seeing

The Goodbye Girl. Fizz fizz but no plop plop. Neil Simon's best script—for stage *or* screen—bubbled along nicely by cast and director.

F.I.S.T. A long melodrama/chronicle, like the '30s, made today. Labor unions instead of bootleggers. Sylvester Stallone pounds it all (more or less) together.

Saturday Night Fever. About Saturday night fever, in a parochial part of New York. Phony script, authentic milieu. John Travolta *really* stars.

A Woman of Paris. Charles Chaplin's 1923 attempt at sexual candor. The script is out of the theatrical past, but the direction hints at the film form's future. With Adolphe Menjou, without Chaplin.

SK

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Jean Collomb, is all velour in the right cozy shades. The acting is straight French Tourist Bureau—*i.e.*, the image of the French that France wants to give the world: calm, sexy, understanding, suave, all-too-human, but finally sound. I mean the *acting*, not the characters, although the latter conform pretty well to the formula too.

The script, by Lelouch, is doubly shrewd. First, although the solution of the murder is complex and takes time to unravel, our interest doesn't sag. Second, paradoxically, about three-quarters of the way through, we become so involved with the lives of the characters that the solution of the murder almost becomes secondary. We loll on the film; and the fact that there's a murder to be solved, that various kinds of chicanery in high places are being exposed, is less important than the fact that they form the fabric on which we are lolling.

Lelouch has his lapses. Sweeping the camera from one face to another in simple exchanges of dialogue always makes me *hear* the swish. In several scenes he lets the camera "be" the person who is speaking, with the visible person looking at it and answering "its" questions. In the one series of scenes in which this device might have some purpose, Lelouch undermines it. Several characters are interviewed by a high government official in his ornate office as we hear only his mellifluous voice and as the person on screen watches the camera glide around the room. Then in the last such scene Lelouch shows the nabob himself—to no purpose. We have been led to think that, when we finally see this man, his identity will be a shock. But it's no one we know or later meet. Lelouch either should have omitted the device or retained it consistently as a symbol of anonymous power.

But most of *Cat and Mouse* is highly enjoyable. Lelouch interweaves past and present deftly, captures the "feel" of new places quickly (for instance, a farm to which Reggiani thinks he has retired). He and Collomb handle and light Michele Morgan (b. 1920) so that there is no slightest question of her appeal to Reggiani. And there is one really excellent scene. Among the many meals is a dinner in Reggiani's home: himself, his daughter, and his young assistant who has not previously met the daughter. Lelouch simply holds one long shot of the three eating, knives and forks quite loud on the plates, little conversation, the girl somewhat sullen and quiet, the young man trying to eat in a way that shows he's at ease, Reggiani between them, facing us, watching them and smiling shrewdly. At last, after some moments of silence, Reggiani laughs and says to his daughter, "You like him, eh?" And we cut to the wedding. Lelouch has filled the dinner scene with silent invisible currents. Really funny.

Lelouch wants nothing in the world but to succeed, and he has mastered a purring style—in writing and directing—to make him a success. From *A Man and a Woman* through *And Now My Love*, the control has been growing. Ray wants a great deal more than success, but his control continues to fluctuate, his style refuses to resolve. If he makes *Aparajito* and *Charulata*, he also makes *Days and Nights in the Forest* and *The Chess Players*. Unfair, certainly. But . . . go argue with life.

John Canaday on art

"Young" American Artists

If you want a good, conservative, straight-down-the-line expectable play-safe historically pedantic art exhibition these days, there's no place like a museum of modern art to find it. "Young American Artists," now resting in peace at the Guggenheim Museum, purporting to be an exploration of the "vast stylistic diversity in New York City and across the country, a period in which no single movement is dominant," is such an exhibition.

The collection of works by 13 young artists, most of them admirable craftsmen, is just about as daring as the Monet exhibition a few blocks away at the Metropolitan, but doesn't look half as fresh. It is obvious that Linda Shearer, an assistant curator who selected the exhibition and wrote the catalogue,

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	1977	1976
Income		
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Accident and health premiums	25,683,413	23,593,214
Investment and other income	4,799,481	4,090,525
Total income	52,823,191	43,834,481
Benefits and expenses		
Life claims and other benefits	4,126,231	3,735,055
Accident and health claims	12,430,024	11,644,002
Increase in liability for future policy benefits	12,196,239	8,711,984
Amortization of policy acquisition costs	5,183,133	4,431,061
Commissions	5,943,151	5,224,771
General expenses and insurance taxes	5,869,697	5,652,642
Dividends to policyholders	298,064	299,032
	46,046,539	39,698,547
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	6,776,652	4,135,934
Provision for income taxes		
Current	—	—
Deferred	1,909,150	1,209,252
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4,867,502	2,926,682
Realized investment gains (losses)	11,364	356,057
Net income	$ 4,878,866	$ 3,282,739
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	$ 2.88	$ 1.76
Realized investment gains (losses)	.01	.21
Net income	$ 2.89	$ 1.97

Assets	$116,000,000
Insurance in Force	$ 1,289,000

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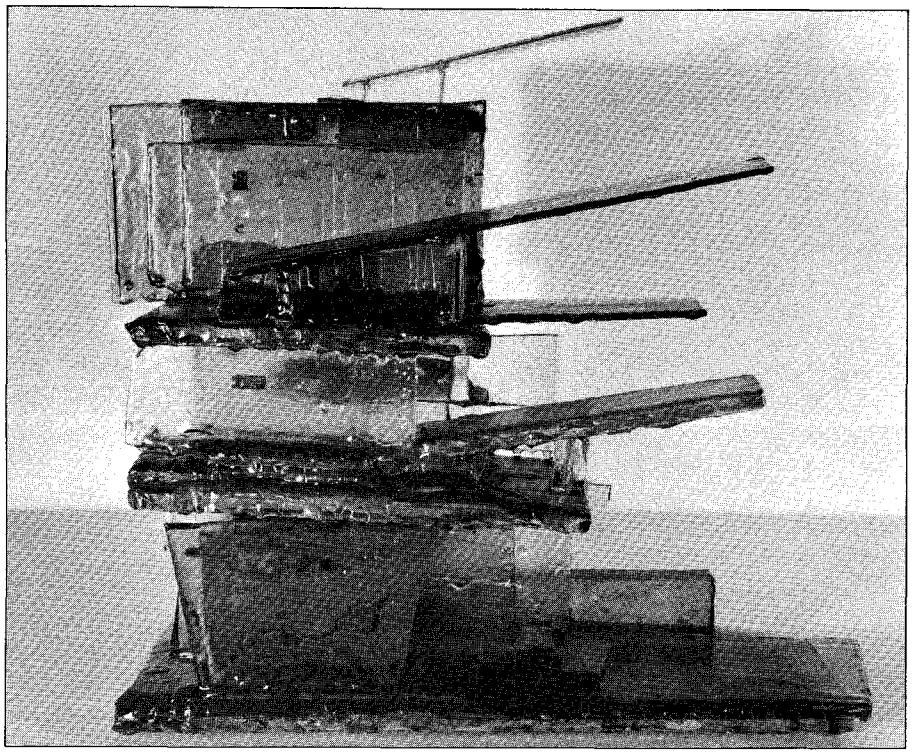
either does not know what is going on in American art right now or chooses to ignore everything that doesn't fall in line with a routine defensively partisan position by which anything called modern art must be prophesiable as an historical continuation of yesterday's innovations, or the day before yesterday's, or those of five decades ago.



Diving Board #3 (1977) by Gordon Newton Collection The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York

Skillful though these young artists are, agreeable as their work frequently is to look at, everything has a bland, familiar look to which the adjective "tasteful," which I mean to be damning, applies pretty consistently. The stylistic diversity mentioned by Mrs. Shearer includes everything from face-lifted pop art back through constructivist sculpture and modifications of other forms of abstraction until we reach De Stijl as exemplified by Mondrian and the architect Gerrit Rietveld in 1920. That was a long time ago. There is nothing in this exhibition that everyone under 50 years of age hasn't grown up with, or anyone under a hundred hasn't become familiar with.

Actually, the neo-Mondrian-Rietveld structure by Siah Armajani, born in Teheran in 1939, now living in Minneapolis and a graduate of Macalester College in St. Paul, is the most interesting thing in the show. Covering the Guggenheim's ground floor, it could be mistaken at first for a full-scale model of a small beach house with a couple of open terraces for sunbathing or winding up the day with a nice long drink. The shapes are Rietveld's nicely proportioned rectangles, and the colors—mostly white with some black, red, yellow, and blue—are pure Mondrian. A small vestibule-like area can be entered, but this is a fooler. The entire structure (which is beautifully assembled; one wishes that carpentry like that were available for refurbishings at home)—the entire structure is a purely formal three-dimensional design that must be called abstract sculpture.

The disturbing thing is the pointlessness of the exercise. (Let's not get into an argument about art for art's sake.) Mr. Armajani also shows some models for structures of the same general type small enough to put on your desk, but I found they lost interest, as if they had been assembled from a toy kit similar to Lego—which also comes in Mondrian colors.

But what am I being so tough about? The exhibition is not called "New Directions by Young Artists," and the interviews in the catalogue are based on the artists' ideas as to their relationship to the '60s, a decade when it was possible to define dominant directions, including pop art, while abstract expressionism waned. Throughout the exhibition there is an uncomfortable feeling that talented and serious young artists are reduced to playing with ideas that have seen better days. These young people are comparable to the mannerists who followed the great days of the Renaissance, except that their predecessors offer less sustenance than was left over to nourish mannerist affectation.

The thinnest and most derivative contribution comes from Scott Burton, born in Greensboro, Alabama, in 1939, now living in New York City. He casts a handsome English antique chair in bronze, including the seat pad, and builds a near-Parsons table spattered with colors very much like those you can find in artsy-craftsy shops for actual use. This is third-generation pop art; it does not make enough difference to cast antique chairs in bronze instead of Jasper Johns's now historic beer cans, and the table is not as amusing as Claes Oldenburg's hilarious and horrifying satires on contemporary furniture. I notice that the bronze chair is in the collection of Donald Droll, a name that, in context with such foolish art, might have come out of Evelyn Waugh along with such wonderful names as Miles Malpractice and Margot Metroland.

Among the more acceptable works, which means among those that I would find tolerable in my house or in the lobby of my bank, are some small sculptures by Gordon Newton (Detroit, 1948, and living there) of diving boards and roller coasters that I found engagingly playful (a touch of Oldenburg again) although Mr. Newton, who after all has just reached 30 and sees things from a less jaded point of view than mine, speaks more seriously of working from his emotions to "solve or clarify problems." He says he hopes to suggest the "cycles of nature . . . and the passage or even freezing of time in my work." Good luck.

The lobby of my bank, a disagreeable but convenient place on the corner of 57th Street and First Avenue with piped-in music (I am thinking of changing) would be improved if the entire interior were given a clean shave and one of the constructivist sculptures by John Egner (Philadelphia, 1940, living in Detroit) placed on a wall. Mr. Egner is such a meticulous craftsman that I forgive him a strong flavor of *déjà vu*.

Let's get back to a question I asked a few paragraphs ago—what am I being so tough about, since the exhibition is not called "New Directions by Young Artists"? What I am complaining about, and getting pretty sore about, is that Mrs. Shearer talks about "vast stylistic diversity" and doesn't seem to know that this has to include the most vigorous forms of realism to have appeared in the 20th century. Like other curators in museums of modern art, she cannot look forward, only backward. By the evidence of her selections she is a

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for people who care what other people think...

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. . . big business . . . the women's movement
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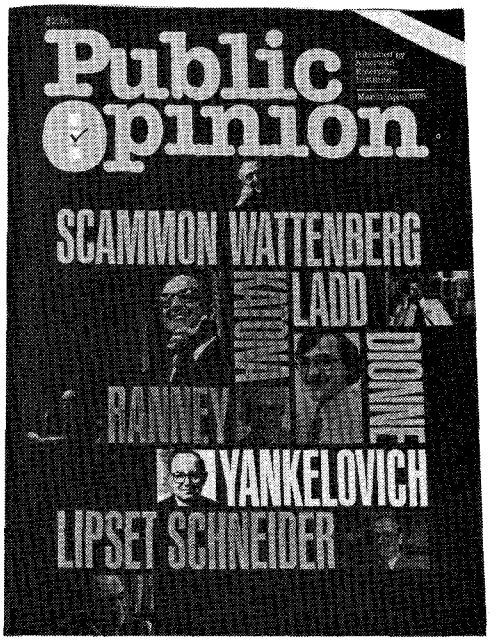

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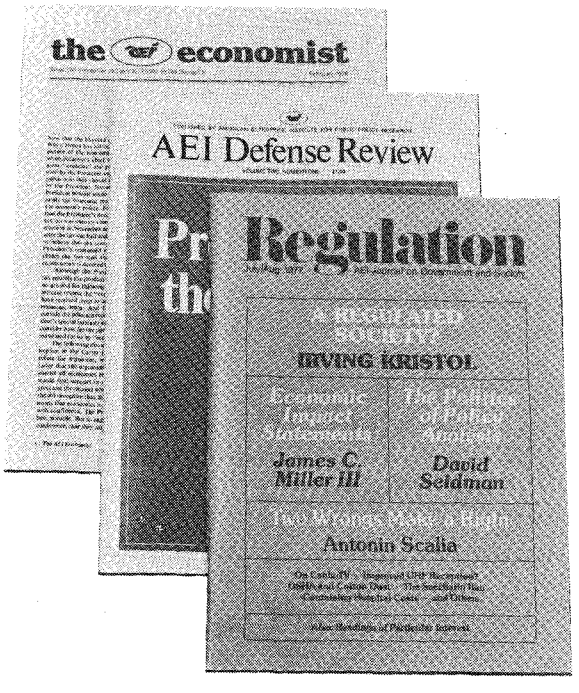

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historian pure and simple, and a most pedantic one, who regards realism as it was possible to regard it 50 years ago—as dead or regressive.

Realism today is neither dead nor regressive. Realists like Richard Estes and Chuck Close would not be working in the ways they do if they were not working from lessons learned from the abstract upheaval, and there are young artists around who are making their own investigations and experiments. Wake up, wake up, Mrs. Shearer, and all you other curators who say "modern" and mean "traditional."

Publicity releases from the Guggenheim Museum request that the name of the sponsor of "Young American Artists" be mentioned as ". . . among the first instances of substantial commitments by American corporations in support of contemporary, advanced art." Very well: my condolences to Exxon.

Stealing Grapes in the South of France

D. H. Lawrence, had he ever wandered into a vineyard somewhere in the South of France, and had he taken from a squat vine a small bunch of black grapes and tasted them, very probably would have put a ritualistic value upon the event in the lively English that never seems to fail to make the reader believe he is lucky to share with that writer a common humanity.

If, however, from far away a voice came, as if from conscience itself, or from the earliest cult of sin and guilt, a voice of God, of righteousness, of law and order, of *the owner* of the vineyard, of *the watchman* of the vineyard, there is no telling to what ends D. H. Lawrence would have gone to transform the incident into allegory.

Once during Lawrence's visit to New Mexico, an old Indian, very probably a gentle Navaho, with the advantage, or handicap, of a fixed expression, from squinting to protect vision from glaring sunlight, looked at Lawrence, *glanced* at him, and the coal miner's son interpreted the Navaho's squint as killing rage.

The essay that Lawrence wrote out of that misunderstood event is a joy to read after half a century, and clearly something neither Addison nor Steele could even *begin* to write. The essay was full of shivers, so to put it. Lawrence was convinced in his bones and to the depths of his soul that he escaped, by the narrowest edge of time and accident, instant death by scalping.

As for me, I'm not going to put too fine a point on it: I'm going to say I was stealing grapes from a vineyard near Port Grimaud in late September when I began to hear a far-away voice calling out: *"Heyo, heyo."*

I removed four or five of the small black grapes from the tight-packed bunch, and tasted them. Excellent, something like the Carignane of Fresno, but also like the Zinfandel and the Alicante Bouschet.

But what is that nagging of my conscience all about, in the form of *"heyo, heyo?"* I have *always* stolen grapes. It is part of the tradition of growing up in Fresno, City and County, in the San Joaquin Valley, the most productive agricultural area in the whole world. So why is my Presbyterian conscience suddenly coming to life in the South of France?

Again, *"heyo, heyo,"* as I reached down and plucked another very tenacious little bunch of grapes from the squat vine—for such vines hold fast to their grapes.

Now, the volume of the voice of conscience increased, and became unmistakably the voice of either the vineyardist himself or the voice of his watchman.

Eating grapes and turning a full circle I found him at last.

He was alongside a pottery factory about 300 yards from where I was now back on the asphalt of the road and walking home.

I waved back, but it seems that he was not *waving*, he was gesturing something like prohibition, accusation, and anger.

I thought, well, years ago there was a feature in *Vanity Fair* made up of the requests of famous people for a few words on their tombstones. Right then and there I added mine: *He waved back.*

The grapes on the vine, off the vine, held up for study, and tasted, bloom and all, thick skin and seeds, constituted for me the highlight of the summer just gone.

The taking of them was ritualistic, and not a flight of fancy.

Growing up, I had always been deeply moved by the departure of the roaring hot summers of Fresno and the arrival of the austere and almost silent days of autumn, during which I went out by bike to the vineyards and wandered alone among the vines and took whatever grapes had been overlooked during the harvest—seedless golden little grapes, freckled Muscats, tawny Malagas, and red Emperors. But still unharvested were the wine grapes, not unlike the grapes of the stolen bunches I was eating while the pottery salesman-watchman watched in something I shall permit myself to call Gallic astonishment.

I didn't seem to express in my manner of eating the stolen grapes anything at all like an appropriate sense of guilt, shame, regret, or a decent acknowledgment of the righteousness of the *"heyo, heyo"* concert by going over and offering to pay a franc or two for the stolen fruit.

The fact of the matter is that, if anything, my response was crude and unprintable. Followed by preposterous but at least amusing declarations: "What are *you* hollering about? I saved France, you silly soprano. Where were you when a good baritone might have helped a little?"

Of course this was only a continuation of the interior vaudeville that has entertained my whole life, for I did *not* save France, and how well I know it. I scarcely saved myself, and from no enemy other than the American Army.

The next day I found a vineyard that had been abandoned, and lost a bet to myself that I would find grapes on one or another of its vines. Not a berry. The vines hadn't been pruned. The soil hadn't been ploughed. Some of the long uncut canes had put forth leaves, but had not put forth grapes. The vineyard was dead. Among the vines, great bushes containing clusters of golden-yellow flowers that insects seemed to enjoy had either been planted or had come up by themselves.

And then, walking on, good fortune overtook the human fable, overtook D. H. Lawrence wherever he may be, in his Italian grave, or hovering about in mid-air at the Memorial mound near Taos, New Mexico. Good fortune smiled and spoke forty-two thousand brilliant words in four seconds flat, all about everything. For I came upon a vineyard

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that *had* been harvested, and this time I won my bet that I would nevertheless find grapes. They were small and golden, freckled, and even rusty and unwashed-looking, but good to eat, and surely excellent for wine.

The skin was thick, as it tends to be in wine grapes, as indeed it must be, or ought to be, for in that thick skin is much of the character of the wine that is to be made. Each berry, each grape, had a good four to six seeds, and this also became instantly in my mind part of the secret of the wine: the mashed seed puts forth a unique flavor, slightly oily. And never mind about the first pressing and the second pressing. If you want the wine of life, and not of indulgence among the satiated, get the flavor from the dusty skins of the grapes and from the slightly bitter seeds.

So I stole a couple of bunches of black grapes from a live unharvested vineyard. And then I visited a dead vineyard. And then I discovered unpicked grapes on the vines of a harvested vineyard. So what? Who cares?

I'm not going to make too much of it, but any nation that wants to think of itself as being a place in which the soul has a chance to flourish needs to have vineyards that poets and gypsies can visit, and from which they can steal grapes, that's all.

William Saroyan

Books Considered

Two Cheers for Capitalism by Irving Kristol

(Basic; $10)

Can capitalism survive? Thirty-five years ago in *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy* Joseph Schumpeter argued that capitalism has an inherent tendency toward self-destruction, not for the reasons advanced by Marx—Schumpeter was definitely not a Marxist or even a socialist—but primarily because the civilization of capitalism could not sustain itself. Capitalism, he wrote, produces "an atmosphere of universal hostility to its own social order." It was his own breed, the intellectuals, who shaped the raw materials of discontent generated by capitalism into forms of social criticism that undermined the moral and psychological assumptions of capitalist society, and finally demoralized the entrepreneurs and capitalists themselves. Ironically—Schumpeter was infatuated with the ironic—"this hostility increases, instead of diminishing, with every achievement of capitalist evolution."

Although there is no mention of this influential work in *Two Cheers for Capitalism*, Irving Kristol's book is hardly more than an up-dating of Schumpeter's argument. Actually, it is a good deal less, since what was only one theme in Schumpeter's magisterial book is pretty much the whole substance of Kristol's.

In his view, capitalism has created a "new class" whose members are indispensable to the function of the society but hostile to capitalism. "We are talking," he writes, "about scientists, teachers and educational administrators, journalists and others in communication industries, psychologists, social workers, those lawyers and doctors who make their careers in the expanding public sector, city planners, the staffs of the larger foundations, the upper levels of the government bureaucracy, and so on." (Readers of *The New Republic* are, no doubt, card-carrying members of this new class.) Indispensable the new class may be, but Kristol does not esteem the wisdom or virtue of its members. Although in this country they usually call themselves liberals, they are at heart socialists or at least social democrats in the German or Swedish manner. Their aim is the indefinite expansion of the public sector. (The decentralist thrust of much recent liberal and socialist thought evidently escaped his attention.) When you get right down to it, the hostility of the new class to capitalism is merely the self-serving ideology of people "engaged in a class struggle with the business community for status and power." Reduce the power and magnitude of the corporations; expand the public sector; create more jobs, money, prestige, and power for the new class. At base, its members are moved by goals as crass as those of the businessmen they detest.

Yet the new class is by no means beyond redemption. It needs to be assimilated into the system of corporate capitalism. "A good part of this process of assimilation will be the education of this 'new class' in the actualities of business and economics—*not* their conversion to 'free enterprise'—so that they can exercise power responsibly. It will be an immense educational task, in which the business community can certainly play an important role."

Because these words come early on, one might suppose that Kristol is writing primarily for backsliders in the new class who might just be ready to grab onto a new conservative ideal (if there were one). It appears, however, that in writing these essays he had in mind a quite different audience. I learned his true target only after encountering some remarks like these: "The New Left is now launching an assault on liberal society . . . . Today, the New Left is rushing in to fill the spiritual vacuum at the center of our free and capitalist society." The New Left launching an assault? Rushing in to fill a spiritual vacuum? Strange words, considering that for some years now the ragged remnants of the New Left have hardly been launching assaults so much as scattering in disorganized retreat, pausing only long enough to ask, "What happened to the Movement?" Since Kristol is surely too attentive an observer of the American scene—he is, after all, Henry Luce Professor of Urban Values at New York University, editor of *The Public Interest*, and, as some of us only learn from the dust jacket, contributor of a regular column to *The Wall Street Journal*—it soon becomes obvious that these essays must be of an earlier vintage.

And so they prove to be. Along with all those careful instructions to the Library of Congress on the reverse of the title page which I had carelessly ignored, thinking they were of interest only to librarians, several lines of easily overlooked small print inform the reader that the book is a collection of previously published pieces. Of the 31 chapters (counting the epilogue) all but six appeared in *The Wall Street Journal*

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from 1970 to 1977, while four others—in my view among the best—were published in *The Public Interest*. The audience for which most of the book was written consists then not of the literate elements of the new class, such as the readers of this venerable journal, but the readers of *The Wall Street Journal*. Kristol was not proselytizing in order to redeem souls among the benighted, as I had thought. He was bucking up the drooping spirits of the faithful.

This format helps to account for a major weakness of the book. At times the chapters suggest what it might be like to read a whole volume made up of nothing but old Mobil ads. The 25 essays from *The Wall Street Journal*, running five pages each in this book, are too brief to allow Kristol to do a lot more than state a point of view. They hardly permit the kind of rigorously reasoned argument, analysis of data, or use of historical evidence that help to convert social theory into something more intellectually powerful and enduring than a brief elaboration, however nicely written, of an author's preferences.

While Kristol's recommendations tend to be small, his categories tend to be large. He is against all Lefts, New and Old, as well as socialism, bureaucracy, excessive governmental regulation, environmentalists, American liberals. Generally speaking, he dislikes reformers, though he is not opposed to all reforms. For he believes the corporate capitalism has by no means attained the very pinnacle of human perfection. For example, he would like it if corporations would report profits in constant rather than inflated dollars; prohibit stock options; not overpay their executives; use philanthropic and other expenditures in "efforts to shape or reshape the climate of public opinion, a climate that is created by our scholars, our teachers, our intellectuals, our publicists: in short, by the New Class"; cultivate the loyalty of stockholders—corporate managements are advised to learn how to think "politically" as well as economically or educationally. "That is the price of bigness and power." In 1973 the major oil companies were not "thinking politically." If any company had been "thinking politically" when all "those lovely four-quarter profits began to roll in" it might have announced that "despite these profits, it would declare no increase in dividends or in executives' salaries this year."

Evidently the new class is not alone in its needs to be reformed. Corporate leaders could also stand a little reforming. Which goes to show that Kristol is not actually against *all* reformers. To be sure he is against all reformers of a socialist, liberal, environmentalist, or Naderite persuasion, but he is *for* reformers of a conservative persuasion. In fact, "some combination of the reforming spirit with the conservative ideal seems to me what is most desperately wanted."

Yet unless I mistake his argument, and well I may since much of it is elusive, Kristol does not mean to imply that the main structures of American corporate capitalism ought to be changed in any significant way. The changes he seeks are rather in the beliefs and actions of those who comprise the two antagonistic classes now locked, as he views the matter, in a class struggle over the control of the American corporation: corporate executives and Kristol's new class. Even he seems rather pessimistic as to the chances for such a reformation. Toward the end, his two cheers sound to me more like a desperate prayer. And I very much doubt that he sees this collection of short essays as the kind of social theory or political philosophy he rightly believes that conservatism needs.

Robert A. Dahl

Robert A. Dahl is Sterling Professor of Political Science at Yale.

The Death of Woman Wang by Jonathan D. Spence

(Viking Press; $9.95)

Jonathan D. Spence is a professor of Chinese history at Yale—and a name we must, from now on, recognize as that of an artist in his calling.

Good history is always a superior kind of detective work—but artistry can make come alive cultures, times, and people hitherto beyond detection, recapturable only by imagination. In his newest book, *The Death of Woman Wang*—a bleak title for so marvelous a work—Spence shows himself at once historian, detective, and artist.

The roof document that overarches Spence's research is the Legal Code of the Manchus—the horsemen of the North who conquered and broke to their will the Chinese of the plains in mid-17th century. But to tell how people actually lived in such a time of change, Spence exhumes three obscure Chinese witnesses. One is a disgraced mandarin of the time, author of one of the innumerable country histories that fleck China's past; the second emerges from the memoirs of another mandarin, writing in his old age, recalling his tour of duty in the same county in the same period; the third is a little-known essayist/short-story writer who tells of life at the same time in an immediately adjacent county.

With these materials, Spence makes history howl. Cutting swatches of trials, episodes, case histories from his materials, Spence bodies forth better than anybody else I have ever read, the brutality, cruelty, and horror that underlie modern Chinese history.

Chinese history is commonly written in the large, recording the grand sweep of conquests and disasters, retelling the doings of courts, whether at Sian or Peking, Nanking or Chungking, lingering over the matchless art of China—its paintings, poetry, porcelain, monuments, novels and architecture. But such grand history commonly ignores the small broom-strokes which so carelessly sweep ordinary people to death. And no other culture, except perhaps the Hindu, can match the casual cruelties and continuum of anguish that underlay the lacquered veneer of Chinese civilization. The old phrase a China traveler learned in his first months there was "ch'ih-ku." It came in answer to the query, "How're things going?", and the answer meant, in rough translation, "We eat bitterness."

Spence, by working in miniature, shows how far back and how deep down goes the eating of bitterness. His setting is T'an Ch'eng county, one of 1400 counties in Manchu China, an insignificant pocket nestled on the border between Shantung and Kiangsu provinces in the Yellow River Valley. The

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time is the four years from 1668 to 1672; years when the Manchus were putting the finishing touches to their conquest. For the previous 50 years T'an Ch'eng, like all China, had lived in chaos—refugees adrift on its roads, fleeing from famine or the pestilence of banditry; rape, pillage, looting, vengeance, mass execution had become commonplace. In 1643, the Manchus had first come a-raiding to T'an Ch'eng, slaying two-thirds of the dwellers in the county seat. The next year they had seized Peking and become, as the Ch'ing Dynasty, China's rulers. By 1668, the Manchus had revised the traditional legal codes of China to their taste, and T'an Ch'eng was settling down to the life of every-day horror that would be China's for the next three hundred years.

Political life in China, as elsewhere, swings between chaos and order; the greater the chaos, the more severe must be the order that ends it. The Manchus conquered a civilization already in decay; their first administrative act was to re-store the bureaucracy of scholar-mandarins that had always governed China; and Spence makes us see, feel, smell, hear ordinary people live and writhe under this re-instituted bureaucracy.

To this reviewer, Spence's recounting brings a shudder of recognition. When in 1943, as a young man, I witnessed the Honan famine I thought I was seeing an episode absolutely unique in history. But Spence lifts out of the 17th-century records the same kind of cannibalism, repeats the very phrases I heard from Honan peasants three hundred years later, tells of the same breakdown of all virtue as barbarism erased humanity and men sold their daughters and wives in order to eat.

Spence's range of scholarly rediscovery runs from travel to sex. He recounts the regulations governing movement and residence, the patrols on the roads, the checkpoints for wayfarers entering the county seat, the registration of guests at inns, the rigid curfew at nightfall—and then the little loophole that let city residents keep their doors ajar at night in hot summer to catch the breeze, or even to sit outside if they did not go beyond their stoops.

From the episodes and stories in the record, Spence makes a mosaic that moves: landlords in league with bandit gangs, heroes driven to paranoid violence by injustice, virtuous widows scrimping to pay for children's studies. But he is at his very best in tracing the particular inhumanity of the Code to women. The Code gave women no clear right to property. A widow who remarried lost to her husband's family not only her right to his property but even to her dowry; thus came about the murder of orphans whose relatives coveted their inheritance, or the forced remarriage of widows whose husband's family wanted to claim her property.

It is from the Code's strictures on adultery that Spence takes the title story of his book. The Code made two adulterous partners subject to a beating of 80 blows with a heavy bamboo stave, a beating that could kill. If the guilty woman was married, she was subject to 90 blows; if she committed the adultery at a rendezvous away from home—100 blows. And no wife, however cruelly treated by her husband, could legally leave him unless he mutilated her, severely wounded her, or forced her to copulate with others. A woman who ran away from her husband, no matter how wicked he might be, was considered a fugitive from justice—and those who helped her flee were subject to the same punishment as those who sheltered families of military deserters.

The case of the Woman Wang is recounted in the memoirs of Huang Liu-huang, magistrate in T'an Ch'eng when he was young. The Woman Wang had been abused by her husband; had fled with a lover; been abandoned by the lover on the road; sought refuge in a Taoist convent; been forced back to her vengeful husband's roof; and her body found in the snow near their home shortly thereafter.

The text tells of magistrate Huang's determination to find out who her murderer was; how he examined the cold cottage where the Wangs lived; how he was told that the frozen dung found by the fireplace was animal dung for fuel; then how he boiled the dung, proving by its odor that it was human, forced out of the woman by the strangulation which had left the massive bruises on her throat and the kicking which had so battered her belly. The murderer, therefore, could only be her husband. And then, his judgment—after a beating with the heavy bamboo, the husband would be allowed to live; but the neighbors who had aided the adulteress would be made to pay for her coffin and her funeral.

This book lights up history from underneath—as the people down below bent before what the conquerors or scholar-mandarins told them was law. Spence presents his scholarship with no moral pretensions, yet he does not mask his feelings. And so we have an unforgettable book of historical recreation, telling of women reeling "like butterflies besotted with flowers," of prisoners broken under the cangue, of sorrows without pity and dreams without hope. This was life in China for centuries; and from this past, or in reaction against it, we have the China of today.

Theodore H. White

Theodore H. White's next book, *In Search of History*, will be published in August by Harper and Row.

The Criminal Personality
by Samuel Yochelson and Stanton E. Samenow

(Jason Aronson; $25 per volume)

The most important conclusions claimed by Yochelson and Samenow are these:

—No social or psychological or genetic or economic factors cause or influence criminality. People become criminals only because they decide in early youth that they will be criminals. There are decisions, not influences.

—There is no significant difference among types of criminals: a man who commits a crime of assault is likely to also commit property and sex crimes. Personality differences among murderers, checkwriters, dopesmokers, peepers, rapists, safecrackers and child molesters are not significant.

—There is no such thing as a "first offender." By the time a person is arrested the first time "he has more than likely committed hundreds, if not thousands, of offenses."

These are extraordinary claims and they have already received wide circula-

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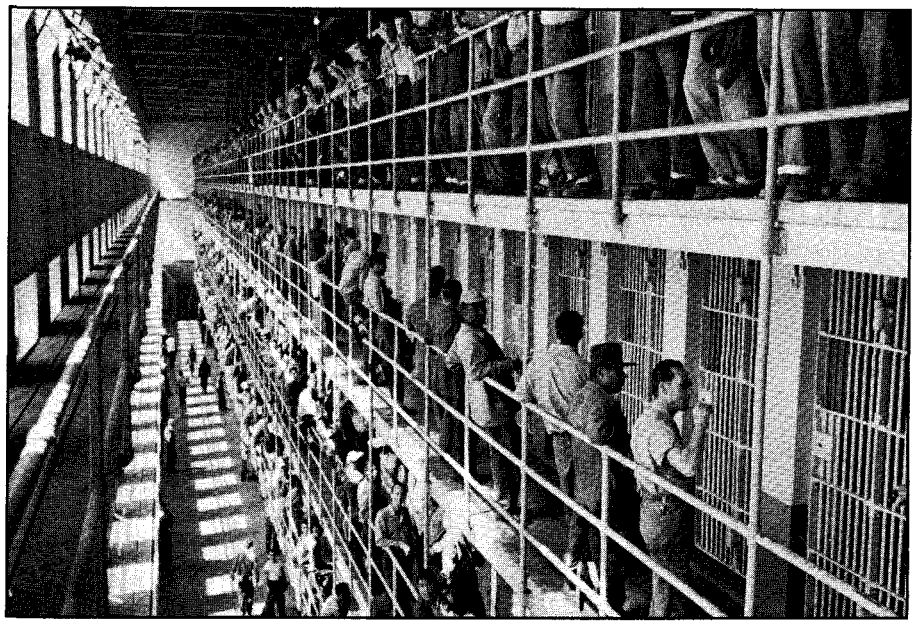
tion in criminal justice circles. I recently heard criminal court judges in Houston and Buffalo refer to the significance of this study's conclusions. One judge said that for the first time he really understood "the criminal's mind." *The Criminal Personality* comes along at a time when rehabilitation and treatment programs are being abandoned in prisons across the country, and it offers a model that tells all the failed professionals that the fault was never theirs.

The authors offer an amazing self-evaluation: "The criminal has posed a challenge to all. With a new body of knowledge, with an emphasis on dissecting and rebuilding the thinking processes, and with new procedures, we have met the challenge."

Volume I tells us what the "criminal" is really like; volume II describes what Yochelson and Samenow think the only adequate program for habilitating the criminal to noncriminal life. The program requires three hours of group therapy every day, sexual abstinence (except for the married participants who are out of custody during participation in the program), unquestioning acceptance of Yochelson's and Samenow's definitions of criminal attitudes, desires, needs and behaviors, thorough self-disgust, and abandonment of criminal thought and work.

Both volumes are badly written and clumsily edited, but they have the deceptive appearance of being responsible science because they seem to contain a lot of empirical information. The books are rich in illustrative anecdotes (these are largely from Yochelson's therapy and interrogation sessions; Samenow didn't join him until 1971, the ninth year of the project). The first person pronoun is almost never used: the discussions refer to "we" (even during the years Yochelson was clearly working alone) or the "A.C." (Agent of Change, a title the two came to prefer over therapist or clinical psychologist or psychiatrist). All the criminals are referred to as "C," so we can never know when a series of anecdotes refers to the same or different persons. Difference is consistently abolished or ignored: no information is given about race or age or education or criminal offense patterns. The terms *sociopath*, *psychopath* and *criminal* are used interchangeably.

There lurks somewhere in these eleven hundred pages the makings of a fair 200-page monograph. Such a monograph would describe a small group of patients (240, only 147 of whom were seen for more than 10 hours) whose criminal behaviors got them sent to a federal mental hospital, and it would describe a counseling program worked out successfully for 13 of those people by a psychiatrist who had become bored with private practice and by a much younger psychologist whose previous work had focused on college dropouts. The monograph would describe apparent patterns of criminality among some of those patients and it would suggest adjustment techniques to help the few who had elected to quit crime.



San Quentin — The Granger Collection

But the pretensions here are far grander: we are offered a unified characterization of "the criminal," a model of behavior and personality appropriate not only to a small group of people in a special ward of a special hospital, but to all criminals everywhere.

The first problem is getting rid of all the causative factors social scientists have talked about since Cesare Beccaria invented criminology in 1764. Yochelson and Samenow note that many siblings of the criminals—who shared family backgrounds, city streets, schools and diets—did not grow up criminal, from which they conclude that external factors are not causal or influential. Criminality comes only to those who select it in early childhood. It is a curious rationale for a team in which the senior member was a trained physician. If three members of a family of eight develop TB or half the children in a class develop mumps, would one then say that all who developed the diseases did so because they had elected possession of the pathology?

If a man is criminal, they reason, then all his behaviors—back to very early childhood—must be read in terms of his criminality; if he is not a criminal, then his behaviors are read in terms of his innocence. The same behaviors have polar meanings, but the meanings are not fully apparent until death because it is only after we know whether or not the person turned out criminal that we can read the earlier behaviors properly. Adolescence and puberty and even prepubescence are all held for potential revisionary evaluation. Perform one criminal act and all the previous actions change their signs. "No crimes," they tell us, "have occurred when they were thought of for the first time." Characteristics we might have thought indicative of a bright or artistic child turn out to be only the early deceptive manifestations of rank criminality, and the fact that they deceived us all about their criminality for so many years is only further evidence of the extent of their consuming depravity. Criminals, the authors assert flatly, are "a different breed of person. . . ." One becomes guilty not of writing that bad check or holding up that liquor store, but of a lifetime of mendacity and chicanery, of a continuing state of moral disjunction aggravated by the success with which one—from short pants till the moment of first overt criminality—hid it all from the rest of us.

They accurately describe many characteristics of thinking and behavior found among career criminals; unfortunately, most of the same characteristics are found among non-criminals. What is the difference? The non-criminals don't commit crimes and

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the criminals do. " . . . The consequences of a lie told by a criminal and a lie told by a noncriminal are very different. The same is true of anger, perfectionism, and all the other patterns described." The difference between the criminal and the non-criminal doesn't rest only with action: " . . . *in the criminal, the thought is as criminal as the act.* This is not true of the noncriminal" (their italics).

Because the decision to be a criminal is made early, the authors discuss at some length "the criminal child" (that is, someone who in later life comes to commit crimes). They analyze these children with a terrific insensitivity to normality. Among other things, the "criminal child" tries to make explosions with chemistry sets; he likes go-carts, minibikes, motorcycles and fast cars; he finds thinking about sex more interesting than mathematical or scientific equations written on a blackboard; he conceals ideas and emotional reactions from his parents; he pays no attention to boring television programs; and he is stimulated by pornography. And he is exploitative: "The criminal child expects his family to meet his needs." The "criminal child" is sneaky, mendacious and malicious. If he does not appear to engage in those negative behaviors, it is only because he is so sneaky he covers them up. These conclusions are based on work with no children: they derive from reports given by some adult inmates of St. Elizabeth's hospital in Washington, D.C. who agreed to be interviewed by Yochelson.

Many of their observations about the behavior and personality of adult criminals are equally epidermal: Some criminals "grow beards, moustaches, or goatees to conceal blemishes or otherwise improve their appearance." "The criminal may stop short of marriage, but lead a woman on with the expectation that a wedding may occur. This results in pregnancies and broken hearts." "Sexual release is not the objective; if it were, the criminal would be content with masturbation." "The criminal is in solid contact with reality, but he is unrealistic." "The criminal lacks the thinking patterns needed to make prudent decisions." "The criminal refuses to endure pain—physical or mental. Suffering, as the responsible person knows it, is foreign to the criminal." "It is remarkable that within a couple of days a criminal [in Yochelson's program] can rid himself of troublesome erections if he sets his mind to it."

Isolated from their context, these lines are banal and absurd, but they acquire an internal appearance of legitimacy because of the authors' central assumption: "We have described the criminal population as a different breed—a group of humans with the same physical needs as the rest of us but with an entirely different view of life and an entirely different set of thinking patterns. The criminal is oriented: i.e., he knows what he is doing and what others are doing. But he has his own reality, in which society's values and rules are absurd or unimportant. He chooses *his* reality, not ours."

Armed with this knowledge, they are prepared to deal with any felon. When first encountering a potential informant or patient, "we strive to have the criminal see himself as he is. Rather than ask him who he is, we present him with a profile of who he is. Our objective is to establish valid facts rather than listen to his self-serving reports. We let him know right away that we know how his mind works." Most of the "criminals" encountered by Yochelson and Samenow quickly elected to have nothing to do with their program for change, a decision the two authors read as evidence of a continuing commitment to criminality. Only the criminals ready for radical change can take part in their program and the others can only continue in a life of crime; there are no other alternatives suggested. If a man enters the program and fails, then it is only because he was dishonest in his hope for salvation.

These two volumes represent a lot of bad science and they probably have the capacity for doing great evil. The true evil of bad science rests in the potential for the misinformation to modulate behavior and to subsequently hurt people. If we accept the claim that criminals are a "different breed" and that only the few who elect to submit to a moralistic therapy program are redeemable, then we can only conclude that most offenders are truly and forever lost, that they have been lost since shortly after birth, that society can and need do nothing to reduce the incidence of criminality or treat it when it does occur.

The study legitimizes abandonment of people in need of help and it rationalizes punishment without hope.

Bruce Jackson

Bruce Jackson is a criminologist who teaches at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

Scott and Ernest: The Authority of Failure and the Authority of Success by Matthew J. Bruccoli

(Random House; $8.95)

Scott Fitzgerald once described his relationship with Zelda as "a categorical imperative." So too, *mutatis mutandis,* was his friendship with Ernest Hemingway. Months before meeting him, Fitzgerald was singing the praises of this as yet widely unpublished young writer. Indeed when Fitzgerald succeeded in locating Hemingway in Paris in 1924, his younger contemporary had yet to publish *In Our Time,* his first significant publication. In dramatic contrast, Fitzgerald had already published three books and was just completing *The Great Gatsby.* That it was Fitzgerald who pursued the relationship at the beginning, when he could speak with "the authority of success," is all the more poignant; later, when he could speak only with "the authority of failure," he would come to dread and, of course, evade meetings with the legendary Hemingway of newsprint.

It is not a pleasant story that Matthew Bruccoli tells in this valuable book, but it is not an entirely unpleasant one either. Neither one of the author's subjects emerges triumphant or unscathed. If it is true that Fitzgerald could control neither his alcoholism nor Zelda's damaging influence over him, it is equally true that Hemingway could handle neither his boasting nor his often vicious lying. If Fitzgerald was an unpleasant, quarrelsome drunk whose every escapade, at least at certain times in his life, made scandalous news, Hemingway was an untrustworthy friend, especially with other writers, whose consistent pattern of behavior

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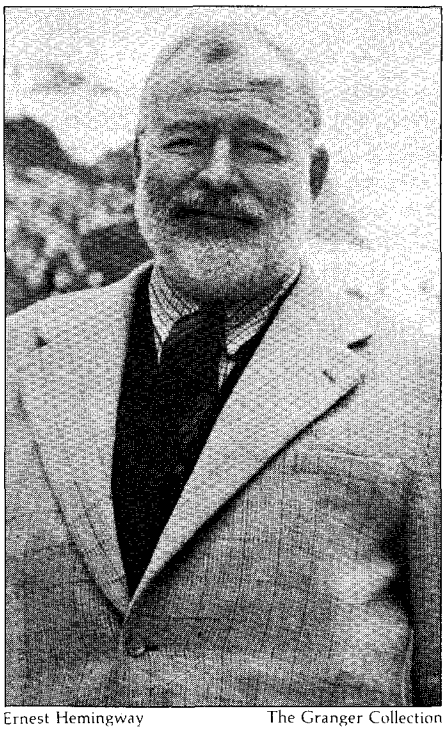


Ernest Hemingway The Granger Collection

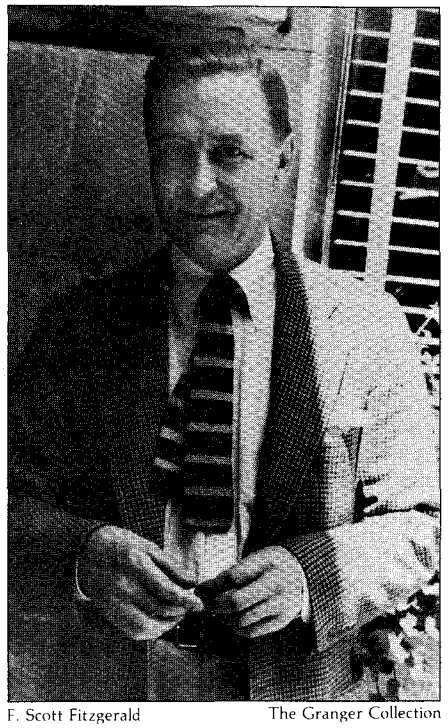
toward friends was one of, sooner or later, public repudiation. The cruelty with which Hemingway reacted to Scott's "Crack-Up" pieces in *Esquire* in the 1930s cut Fitzgerald to the quick.

Hemingway had always been rather blunt in his criticism of Scott's work. And as their surviving correspondence shows, Fitzgerald always reacted gracefully and generously. But in 1935 Hemingway did not limit his criticism to correspondence, as he had previously; rather he chose to insert that notorious reference to "poor Scott Fitzgerald" in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," his own story about an apostate writer. That he did this in a piece of fiction was damaging enough, but that he published that story in *Esquire*, which had also published Fitzgerald's "Crack-Up" pieces, added injurious insult to injury. Hemingway's action evoked Scott's plaintive request that Ernest remove the reference when he reprinted the story. Something of the effect the whole matter had on Fitzgerald can be gathered from the fact that he continued to remind both Hemingway and Maxwell Perkins of Hemingway's promise to remove Fitzgerald's name from "Snows" until it was finally done. In *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories* (1938) "poor Scott" gave way to "poor Julian," a name which as Hemingway might have intended recalls another famous apostate, the backsliding Roman emperor who benightedly tried to restore paganism. If so, Ernest was getting in one more nasty shot at his beleagured friend.

It is testimony to Fitzgerald's loyalty to his artistic "conscience," as he once characterized Hemingway, that the "Snows" episode did not put to an end his loyalty to Hemingway. It was not that Fitzgerald did not understand what was going on between Hemingway and himself, for he saw accurately that his friend was "quite as nervously broken down" as he was himself, but that the fact manifested itself in "different ways." Hemingway's inclination was "toward megalomania" and Fitzgerald's "toward melancholy." The saving grace in the matter was that through it all Scott continued to long for Ernest's friendly approval. It is that ache, perhaps, that lay behind Scott's reference to Hemingway's "dedication" of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a wistful slip, perhaps, when he should have said "inscription."

It is regretful that Scott's own generosity toward Hemingway's work was countered by Hemingway's withholding of praise, even for work that he apparently admired. His record on *Tender is the Night* is particularly revealing. He could not get himself to praise the book that he would ultimately call Fitzgerald's best until he was assured that it was a commercial failure. As for Fitzgerald himself, only the biographical portraits presented by Arthur Mizener in *The Far Side of Paradise* and in *Life* magazine, and the fictional portrait given in Budd Schulberg's *The Disenchanted*, works published long after Scott's death, could bring Hemingway to the defense of his friend. And even then he vented his anger privately, never publicly.

One of the goals the author set for himself in *Scott and Ernest* was to set the record straight on several notorious episodes involving his two principals. In nearly every case he had to get behind both Hemingway's self-serving prevarications and downright lies and the fallible memoiristic recollections of others. Most authoritatively he surveys the various accounts of the famous boxing match between Hemingway and the Canadian writer Morley Callaghan in Paris at which Scott, serving as timekeeper, let one round go well beyond the agreed-upon three minutes. With equal authority he takes up the significant question of just how much editing of Hemingway's first two novels Fitzgerald did (and, importantly, just when that editorial advice was given). Hemingway was never one to suffer good advice gladly. Nor was he one to help anyone disinterestedly. As Fitzgerald noted sardonically, "Ernest would always give a helping hand to a man on a ledge a little higher up."



F. Scott Fitzgerald The Granger Collection

One matter pops up several times in *Scott and Ernest*, but is not treated directly. In an undated notebook entry Fitzgerald wrote: "I really loved him, but of course it wore out like a love affair. The fairies have spoiled all that." The note refers to Hemingway and to the likes of the bisexual Robert McAlmon, who promoted the rumor in the 1920s that Scott and Ernest were homosexua Whether such rumors contributed to Hemingway's sometimes veiled hostility to the friend and benefactor that Fitzgerald was at the time is not known. But the homosexual "thing" was never forgotten by either man. Take, for instance, the time Hemingway inscribed a copy of his passport photo: "To Scott from his old bedfellow Richard Halliburton. Princeton 1931." As Bruccoli notes simply, without speculation, "Halliburton was a Princetonian whose travel-adventure books were very popular. He was also an alleged homosexual." Later, in *A Moveable Feast*, a book which Bruccoli sees largely as a work of the late 1950s, Hemingway would see the homosexual thing, no longer as a shared joke, but one told totally at Fitzgerald's expense. Perhaps obliquely related to all this was the way in which each man saw the other's wife or, in Hemingway's case, wives. Fitzgerald, Hemingway was convinced, did not like Pauline, and of course he himself, as he amply documented both privately in letters and publicly in *A Moveable Feast*, intensely disliked Zelda. As for Martha Gellhorn, Ernest's third wife, Scott sized her up

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immediately, predicting accurately that their marriage would never work out. Each was uncannily attuned to the other's gravest weaknesses. The difference was that Ernest, unlike Scott, showed no mercy. Indeed, one suspects that it is Fitzgerald's loyalty to Hemingway as much as the enduring value of his writing that leads the author of *Scott and Ernest* to see in Fitzgerald the heroic nature most admired by Hemingway. Fitzgerald was, as Bruccoli presents him, accurately I think, one of those men who was "destroyed but not defeated."

Scott and Ernest is a judicious book. It is that, mainly because its author is perhaps the first student of the Fitzgerald/Hemingway friendship to write out of disinterested loyalty to the truth about two literary giants he continues to admire unabashedly, no matter how the facts have fallen out.

George Monteiro

George Monteiro is professor of English at Brown University.

Brief Reviews

Border Crossings
by Daniel Peters

(Harper and Row; $9.95)

Billed as "the first piece of serious fiction to emerge from the most tumultuous and revolutionary era our college campuses have ever known," Daniel Peters's first novel raises a reader's hopes in its first few pages. Matthew Craft, the good old-fashioned protagonist whose story this book tells, drives away from his family home in the Midwest heading back to Yale, accompanied by Jimi Hendrix on the radio. To this reader, also a child of that "tumultuous era," came a curious sense of reading one's own diary, and finding it pretty well written. Craft arrives at Yale, hooks up with his old cronies, eats his first meal, trips his first trip, wows his first seminar. Yes, the reader thinks, this *is* what it was like. But then the novel disappoints: Craft is just a little too groovy to be true. The thinly-veiled autobiography is a little too self-congratulatory to be suffered long. The hero is the bravest facer of the rigors of the draft, the most effective ironist on campus, the most eloquent reader of Thomas Pynchon to ever come down the pike. Will Sarah, the dean's estranged wife, fall into bed with the long-haired senior? Will Craft escape the draft? Will his buddy Maynard, the southerner at Yale, find that he *can* go home again? Those times were "tumultuous," all right, but they deserve a subtler chronicler than Peters.

The Pushcart Prize, II: Best of the Small Presses

(Avon; $5.95)

This year's Pushcart Prize volume represents the work of some 50 editors culling material from 3000 nominations from small presses nationwide. The book's purpose is to give a wider audience to the work published by small presses, some of them operating with no budgets, publishing "from garages, basements, kitchen tables . . ." as the introduction explains. The opening story, reprinted from *Antaeus*, is "The Pension Grillparzer" by John Irving, whose *World According to Garp* has been widely reviewed this spring. But other names are less familiar, especially among the poets represented. The work in the collection covers a broad range of contemporary American writing—from the fable "The Monk's Chimera" by Teo Savory, which tells about the tribulations of a griffin on a monastery's small battles with the semantics of reality (" . . . 'What have you done with our griffin?' the abbot asked sharply. The mountebank crossed himself. 'He was a godless monster,' he whispered. 'Nonsense!' the abbot exclaimed. 'He was part of our architecture.'"), to Cinda Kornblum's poem "In Iowa" from *Dental Floss*, a magazine published by the Toothpaste Press, which discusses potatoes, to an essay on "The New Consciousness, the NEA and Poetry Today" by Felix Stefanile, who concludes that "We must protect our magazines and our ideals from the tender mercies of Government money." There are also: admirable essays by Octavio Paz and Christopher Lasch, some very funny short stories, notably "Milk is Very Good for You" by Stephen Dixon, from *Quarry West*, and many fine poems from the various literary quarterlies published in university towns around the country. Overall, the volume seems to point to a healthy network of small press publications in the US, many of which are braver about humor and experimentation than the "big" houses in certain East Coast cities.

New Shoes
by Kathleen Fraser

(Harper & Row; $8.95, $4.95 paper)

In the title poem, Kathleen Fraser writes of old shoes that have been thrown off because they "wouldn't do/wouldn't dance/enough and/lift you/into the/new arrangement." The poems collected here are the new shoes: Fraser leaves behind the constructed and familiar, venturing into a style that moves swiftly, unpunctuated, on a scale of emotion from loss to discovery to the sensual enjoyment of light. Unlike some of the California poets among whom she is numbered, Fraser uses looseness with a purpose. She wants to get everything in, at one point saying "I can write this way because of Frank O'Hara, because everything was important to him." She wants to find her own language, as her epigraph from Georgia O'Keeffe declares: "They could tell me how to paint their landscape but they couldn't tell me how to paint mine." The poems in this volume indicate that Fraser *is* discovering how to paint her own way—and the methods vary. She manages to move through the book's five sections without falling into the bitterness or polemic of some contemporary women poets, maintaining instead a voice that

"HISS is no longer on trial. Unable to spring Hiss, Left intellectuals indicted treason, the crime, in his stead. National loyalty, on which any operative definition of treason must depend, was made a distant second to personal conscience. There are no traitors now: just, well, men with differing points of view. In leak-ridden 1978, Alger Hiss would use, not Whittaker Chambers, but Jack Anderson as his courier to Moscow."

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admits emotion, but holds to a memorable precision of observation and detail. One poem, "Flowers," deals with a subject that will be familiar to readers of Sylvia Plath: hospitals, and the flowers one gets there. But the asters in Fraser's poem are redemptive, unlike the tulips in Plath's: "One forgets about hunger,/ absorbed in the fuchsia and the mauve."

Summer Visits
by Margery Sharp
(Little, Brown; $8.95)

Cotton Hall, a properly extravagant Victorian house in East Anglia, is the setting for Margery Sharp's very amusing novel. The house is the occasion for the book: summers come and go, bringing with them such visitors as Alexander, a painter who fancies himself even better than the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, who impregnates the daughter of Cotton Hall's master, who hides her pregnancy in the voluminous clothes of the day, then pawns the baby off as a child of her father and the housemaid whose bed he frequents. "She has granny's eyes," her father says proudly. As the house's inhabitants change over the years, the incidents vary, but maintain their humor and interest, making for a very pleasant read. It's the sort of book to take along on a summer visit, if you're not feeling up to a *real* Victorian novel.

Catherine O'Neill

Reconsideration
F. R. Leavis (1895-1978)

The facts of Leavis's life—in the sense of colorful, humanizing events to delight the onlooker—are relatively few. Son of Harry Leavis, proprietor of a Cambridge music store ("Leavis means pianos"), he did service as a stretcher-bearer in World War I where he was mustard-gassed, his digestion permanently affected. He studied with I. A. Richards at Cambridge in the 1920s, then taught in the university as a probationary lecturer but was not offered a permanent position until 1936 (Ronald Hayman says, in his biography, that at one point there was a move on to send him to a job in Tasmania, a move which Leavis resisted). *Scrutiny* was founded in 1932 and survived until 1953, much of its copy written by Leavis and his wife, Queenie; while the books published under his name were largely composed of materials that had appeared in the magazine. Except for the D. H. Lawrence book, there was a relative falling-off, in the 1950s, of his critical productions; then at the end of the decade the notorious attack on Sir Charles Snow and the notion of "Two Cultures." Retirement from Cambridge in 1965; part-time teaching at the University of York; a spate of books of which the last appeared in 1976. Leavis liked to wear open-necked shirts, was a runner back before everybody ran, gave legendary classes in which specimens of literature were "dated," presided with his wife at comparably legendary tea-parties where visiting Americans—if vouched for—were well-entertained.

I have nothing to add to the public account and little to refining the estimate of his critical achievement, but want instead to describe Leavis's impact on a young aspiring academic and, 25 years after the original impact, how he remains in my imagination. I never read him as an undergraduate, indeed had barely heard of his name, although I was deeply under the spell of literary criticism; for example, I had learned (from Stanley Hyman's *The Armed Vision*) that Richards, Empson, Blackmur and Burke deserved the highest marks as critics, while Wilson, Winters and Eliot ranked much lower, were flawed and erratic in their practice. Not until I went to graduate school at Harvard did I pick up and read Leavis's work, whereupon I discovered a new hero, a critic who stood at the very head of all the classes. There was a joke going about back then that one could succeed as an English grad student at Harvard if one took pains to be sufficiently dull, and it is true that most, though not all, of my classes were harmless and soporific, relaying information I could have picked up just as well out of standard reference books. Dull or third-rate writers were to be tolerated and appreciated "in their own terms" as the phrase went; for were we not students of literary history preparing ourselves for those moments in our Ph.D. orals when we would be asked about 18th-century users of the Spenserian stanza, or challenged to specify the stages of man in "Tintern Abbey," or even to name four picaresque novels and chat about their heroes?

What relation did Leavis have to that sort of thing? His sentences from "Literary Studies" in *Education and the University* made it clear to me why Harvard English was wrong:

> *Literary history, as a matter of 'facts about' and accepted critical (or quasi-critical) description and commentary, is a worthless acquisition; worthless for the student who cannot as a critic—that is as an intelligent and discerning reader—make a personal approach to the essential data of the literary historian, the works of literature (an approach is personal or it is nothing; you cannot take over the appreciation of a poem, and unappreciated, the poem isn't 'there'). The only acquisition of literary history having any education value is that made in the exercise of critical intelligence to the ends of the literary critic. Does this need arguing?*

For a rather different reason, it was not about to be argued at Harvard where, except for the example of Reuben Brower (who had studied with Leavis in the 1930s), a very different notion of "English" was current. So we hopeful critics united behind the flag of truth, and I cynically wrote "A" exams discussing Tennyson's view of this and contrasting it with Browning's attitude toward that, saving my real passion for arguments and papers about poems and novels, trying to discriminate between A and B or show that X was better than Y. (Although Harvard English didn't encourage "personal approaches" it was usually tolerant of them so long as you kept your facts straight and handed in a bibliography.)

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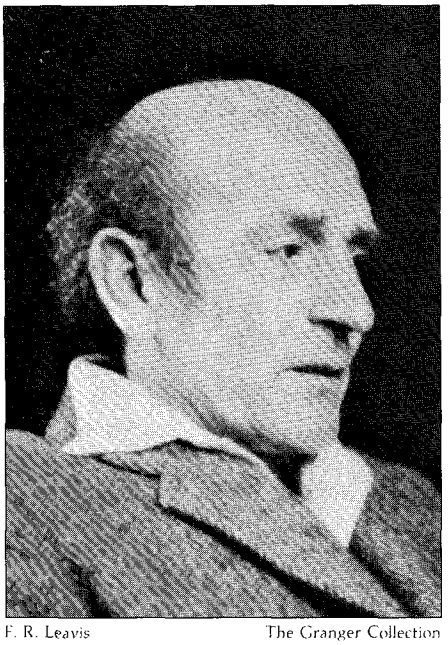

F. R. Leavis The Granger Collection

out *The Great Tradition* (for 95 cents) but Leavis was mostly unavailable in America, and I proudly opened an account at Blackwell's, ordering *New Bearings in English Poetry, Revaluation, Education and the University,* and *The Common Pursuit.* But the great experience was looking up the files of *Scrutiny* in Widener, sitting at a cubicle (the sun was shining outside, other people thought *they* were happy!) and learning the right ways to feel about all sorts of writers: Auden and Joyce and Arnold Bennett; Empson or Santayana or Richards; most of all, D. H. Lawrence. The summer I studied for my orals I remember signing out *Scrutiny* and reading issues during lunch; remember taking over verbatim Leavis's distinctions (in *Revaluation)* among Donne and Jonson and Carew, or his brilliant dispositions of minor 18th-century poets. Even if I hadn't read all the poems, I knew my Leavis cold. When the Lawrence book appeared I devoured it with an excitement unmatched since, and once again tried to take over the analyses of *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*—exactly, of course, the sort of "taking over" that Leavis said one could not, in fact, do.

I don't wish to labor the point, or exult in some piously moral triumph over an earlier self. But though I was all for the unacademic virtues and thought Leavis my standard-bearer, I had precious little of those virtues—"a pioneering spirit; the courage of enormous incompleteness . . . the judgment and intuition to select drastically yet delicately, and make a little go a long way" ("A Sketch for an 'English' School"). I was enormously incomplete all right, but complacent about it too, since I had picked up lines from Leavis about Auden's limitations or Trollope's minorness or Pound's poetic lack of distinction (except for "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley") before I'd even read them, or after superficial acquaintance merely.

What finally turned things around—aside from the human condition of growing up into something more than a graduate student—was my encountering a new writer, Wyndham Lewis, whom Lawrence hadn't liked and for whom Leavis had no respect. Yet Lewis came to figure for me, despite the embarrassments of his political views, as an incomparably richer comic writer than either of them. Whatever *Women in Love* was after three or four readings, it was no longer fun; and hadn't Lawrence himself said that if it isn't any fun, don't do it? And if Leavis could be wrong about Lewis (the "brutal and boring Wyndham Lewis," he called him in the Rede lecture) maybe there were other writers he was less than right about. By the time I finally got to Cambridge, England, for a brief visit in 1964, I was writing a book about Lewis and felt too nervous to attempt an invitation to tea at the Leavises. What would I have said when he asked me my subject of concern? At that time Cambridge was filled with anti-Leavis jokes, helped along by Kingsley Amis's recent appearance on the scene. I felt guilty about that too, but contented myself with observing the great man's entry into a lecture by his old *Scrutiny* colleague, L. C. Knights.

No doubt I have followed the common pattern of the deconverted convert, too eager to find the teacher less flexible, open, or humorous than the newly-liberated pupil fancies himself to be. But Leavis for all his fine moments of sardonic, dismissive irony (a sarcastic letter about A. L. Rowse speaks of "These flashes of the brilliance of All Souls—further lights on a famed civilization") was essentially a solemn, passionately dedicated critic and teacher. One of his epigraphs to *The Common Pursuit,* an indispensable collection of *Scrutiny* essays, quotes a Henry James letter whose following sentences refer to more than James:

> *I can't go into it all much—but the rough sense of it is that I believe only in absolutely independent, individual and lonely virtue, and in the serenely unsociable (or if need be at a pinch sulky and sullen) practice of the same; the observation of a lifetime having convinced me that no fruit ripens but under that temporarily graceless rigour . . .*

More so than James, Leavis lived this role to the extent that serious literary people complained about his graceless behavior as a prose writer. It would be a mistake to dismiss such complaints (one of them, I remember, from Anthony Powell) too quickly, as part of that awful modern England of "the Welfare State, the Football Pools, and the literary culture of the *New Statesman* and the Third Programme" (with cinema, bingo and the telly thrown in) Leavis so often and so predictably inveighed against. He *had* to be the practitioner of "individual and lonely virtue," more than a pinch sulky and sullen: in the words of a friend's brilliant rewriting of Hobbes's man in the State of Nature, Leavis was "solitary, poor, nasty, British and short." Yet every *trouvaille* of that sort brought with it uneasiness about sociable clubbing which produced such good jokes at the expense of absolutely independent virtue.

The many books Leavis published in his 70s, over the last ten years of his life, will not be much loved or long consulted. The endless repetitive rant against technological-Benthamite civilization, the Robbins report on Education, Lord Annan and Lord Snow; the increasing use of a bludgeoning literary jargon (its key terms "constatation," "nisus" and *"ahnung,"* each of which causes my mind to go completely blank)—these are boring, even a shade brutal, and he will not be remembered for them. Yet just two years ago (in *The Living Principle)* he published an essay of some 100 pages, for me his last significant piece of literary criticism, in which he comes to terms with Eliot's *Four Quartets,* trying for one last time to express his admiration for and his rejection of the mind, the attitude toward life and poetry—really toward the English language—express-

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ed in that poem. Leavis wants to show why we must finally say *no* to the view of life found there; though as he had said years before in a letter to the *Spectator*, "I have always imagined myself to derive from Mr. Eliot as much as from anybody." He was right, and if in Leavis's hands the early Eliotic strategies of *The Sacred Wood* and the 1921 essays hardened into formulas, they never tried to have things more than unambiguously, nor did they mind (as Eliot came to mind) giving offense.

A few decades ago Leavisian notions of the necessity to read, discriminate and evaluate were instrumental in saving people from becoming dutiful reporters on the development of the Elizabethan novel or some other crashingly boring phenomenon. Today when literary studies look anthropological, structuralist, linguistical, in a very bad way, and hardly critical, or literary at all, Leavis's example, his books, are more essential than ever.

William H. Pritchard

William H. Pritchard teaches literature at Amherst and is the author of *Seeing Through Everything* (Oxford).

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Correspondence, *from page 7*

the public came to the conclusion that Richard Nixon had to go long before the House Judiciary Committee passed the first article of impeachment.

Albert H. Cantril
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To the editors:

I have just mailed late payment to renew my subscription, after receiving an aggrieved letter from your editor. I want you to know that the delay was owing not to procrastination but to doubts about whether I wanted to continue receiving the magazine. Some recent editorial positions have surprised and dismayed me, i.e., your abandonment of affirmative action in the Bakke case and your endorsement of the neutron bomb. Apparently I am not alone, as attested by the *Diarist* column (Apr. 8) of Michael Ledeen which, in refuting charges of a rightward shift, only confirmed the suspicions in my mind.

I have rarely been so angered by a written statement as I was by his assertion that no responsible parent would send his children to the District of Columbia schools. The opposite is true: the only responsible parents are those who *do* put their children in the public schools. First, academic quality is important, obviously, but quality schools depend in large part on quality students. The DC schools will only improve when they include once more the children of educated, middle-class families. Ledeen's attitude is opportunistic but alas, typical, insofar as he considers only what children get from the system rather than what they give. Second, responsible parents would make sure their children are exposed to people of all races and classes, as the only means of overcoming the cultural narrowness that plagues our society. That doesn't occur in private schools, Senator Moynihan's dreams notwithstanding.

Now I realize that the *Diarist* column has come to serve your staff as a sort of splenetic safety valve, in which they may cast off the restraints of reason and civility which have bound them in the preceding 39 pages. But Ledeen's article, both in tone and topic, revealed a meanness that has no place in *The New Republic*. It exhibited all the 'intelligence' and 'independence' vaunted in your advertising but it lacked heart, and without heart you can make no claim as a progressive voice.

Tom Griffith
Washington, DC

Poets and priorities

To the editors:

In his review of David Staines's *The Canadian Imagination: Dimensions of a Literary Culture* (*TNR*, Apr. 15), John Ditsky exhibits one of the more irritating characteristics of a colonial outlook by using foreign recognition as a measure of Canadian writers and their work. He sneers that "few Canadians are likely to be recognizable to literate Americans by name, let alone *as Canadians*," and scorns Canadian poets who "often make no real effort to compete for attention outside of Canada." Recognition and praise from Americans, or anyone else, do not automatically confer excellence any more than their absence proves incompetence or laziness. Many Canadian poets do not value such dubious honor, and would not choose to be in the company of Leonard Cohen. Serious novelists and poets in any country concentrate on writing well, not on satisfying foreign appetites.

Ditsky calls Canadian poets as a group "incestuous," "a mutual admiration society" indulging in "monkey-cage grooming and preening." Presumably he believes that Canadian poets ought to ignore, or, better yet, attack one another. A poet's private interest in the work of fellow poets and his willingness to criticize it publicly are neither reprehensible nor peculiarly Canadian qualities.

As to the Canada Council's "plastic teat," the Canadian government assumes that the writing and publication of literature are worthwhile occupations, and not slightly embarrassing symptoms of intellectual deviance. It may well be that it is "*easier* to get printed in Canada than in the United States" for this very reason. That writers can receive this public financial support gives Canada something of a "literary culture," as Staines's title aptly suggests. Of course, Canada Council grants may smother poets' killer instincts and spoil their opportunities for financial martyrdom. Perhaps if Cana-

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dian poets practiced these skills more diligently they would come closer to satisfying Ditsky's international ideal.

Laurel Boone
Bangor, Maine

The F-15 sale

To the editors:

I was very disappointed to find that, in attacking the administration's proposed sale of F-15 airplanes to Saudi Arabia, *TNR* omitted to express its opposition to the sale of planes to Israel ("The Making of a Superpower," *TNR*, May 13). Or must I assume that *TNR* really believes peace will come by our shipping more military equipment to Israel? I sincerely hope that the "Peace Now" movement in Israel, for which *TNR* professes support, stands for more than this.

Further, I was shocked at your contention that, while the pro-Israel lobby is backed by conviction and history, the pro-Arab side is motivated primarily by greed. To suggest that the Arab cause lacks sustaining conviction and is bereft of historical support is sheer nonsense. Israel, too, has its "hired guns" and "shabby lot" in Washington, and to single out the Arabs with such terminology is unfair and unreasonable.

Michael Pruden
San Francisco, California

To the editors:

All along I have considered *TNR* a sensitive journal of thought, studied opinion, of revealed facts leading to logical conclusions which readers can accept or reject.

How wrong, at least for "The Making of a Superpower," May 13, an essay which could only have been written in haste, published in fury.

To convince and persuade is an admirable role. But it discredits you to dip us in raw emotion, to muster up all the old villains: Vietnam, Spiro Agnew, John Connally, Bert Lance, etc. However did you resist Genghis Khan, or Idi Amin, or other bad guys? Surely they must have been bending over your shoulder pleading, "Please, mention me too."

Whether one does or does not favor the Middle East arms sale, emotion has already had far too much to do with how it will come out.

J.S. Smith
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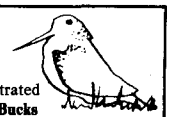

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Washington Diarist

Rancid Feast of Condemnation

For too long, says Ben Wattenberg, "a successful nation has treated itself to a rancid feast of condemnation." To rectify this situation, he recently treated some Washington types to cocktails and a small, unrancid buffet at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The occasion was to announce the second season of his public TV series, "In Search of the Real America," which he describes as "a challenge to the chorus of failure and guilt." Wattenberg is a lone voice crying in the wilderness in defense of capitalism, economic growth, democracy, patriotism, etc., with no one to give him succor and support except for the Mobil Corporation, the American Enterprise Institute and a list of foundations as long as your arm. This preposterous pose of embattled isolation is a particular favorite of the neoconservatives. What I want to know is, Where is this chorus of failure and guilt? Have the other oil companies been sponsoring attacks on big business? Have the commercial networks been swamping the airwaves with left-wing critiques of the American system? Has there been a conspiracy of silence to smother the voices of S. I. Hayakawa, Henry Jackson, Norman Podhoretz, George Meany, Albert Shanker and Jean-François Revel, all of whom Wattenberg lifts from obscurity to feature in these programs? It is a testament to the independence of public television that it has had the courage to present Wattenberg's iconoclastic views to the American public.

I see that the phantom parodist on the *New York Times* copy desk has struck again. The phantom's apparent purpose is to come up with a headline that captures not merely the content of a particular article, but the ponderousness and vacuity of an entire *oeuvre*. The last victim was James Reston, with a column a while back entitled, "Whither the World?" The newest sufferer is the *Times*'s very serious and responsible television critic, John J. O'Connor, whose offering in last Sunday's paper bore the headline: "'TV on Trial' Raises Vital Questions." Further examples, from any publication, would be appreciated, and possibly even rewarded.

A book came in for review last week, from the MIT Press, called *A New Guide to Federal Cable Television Regulations*. Not a stimulating title, to be sure, but a valuable book if it actually untangles the complex web of rules in which the Congress and the FCC have trapped this nascent communications breakthrough (primarily at the behest of powerful established interests such as the broadcast TV stations). What attracted my attention, though, was a small statement that this "study" was financed by the National Science Foundation. Yes, it's true. It turns out that one division of the federal government paid $47,900 for an explanation of what another part of the federal government is up to. And why not? The NSF spends millions of tax dollars exploring the mysteries of outer space and the mysteries of the human body. It might as well spend a few thousand exploring the mysteries of the federal regulatory bureaucracy. Unfortunately, the book seems as opaque as the regulations themselves, and indeed is mostly reproductions of them. Like most such enterprises, it could have been done for a small fraction of the cost.

With the end of the Vietnam war, the energies of the antiwar movement have dispersed into a wide variety of causes. Somehow the campaign in favor of increased federal price supports for the sugar industry lacks the glamor of, say, solar power or boycotting J. P. Stevens. But Stewart Mott, the pixie-like middle-aged General Motors heir and freelance philanthropist, has taken this up as his current passion. The fact that he is a director of the US Sugar Corporation (and his foundation owns a chunk of it) may be an explanation, though Mott may well feel his past record of silly extravagance should earn him immunity from accusations of narrow-minded cunning. Mott is in familiar antiwar company. This bill to guarantee sugar producers a 26-percent price increase—with import embargoes if necessary—has been introduced by Senator Frank Church. The paid lobbyists for it include the recently retired majority *and* minority counsels of the Senate Agriculture Committee. Sugar cane is big business in Louisiana, which means that His Majesty Russell Long has taken an interest in the matter and this is probably another little sweet the people with serious business before the Senate will have to offer him in the hope of keeping him in an amiable mood.

If the Washington real estate boom ever goes bust, the local papers will have blood on their hands. The *Post*, for example, persistently fans the flames of hysteria, and has done almost nothing to hose them down. The umpteenth free ad encouraging real estate speculation was emblazoned across the front page of last Sunday's *Metro* section. It contained the usual anecdotes, such as the one about a house near the center of the 1968 riot corridor that was sold four years ago at a tax delinquency auction for $700, then sold again last year, only partially renovated, for $98,000 to a lobbyist and his wife. There was endless quotation from people who have bought into this pyramid scheme about how wonderful it is, and not the slightest hint of a suggestion that it will ever end. Perhaps it won't. (Plenty of *Post* staffers have a vested interest in seeing that it doesn't.) But already it costs about 25 percent more—tax advantages, equity build-up and all—to buy, finance and maintain a typical house or apartment in DC than it does to rent an equivalent property. Prices will have to continue rising at a spirited clip just for current buyers to break even in the short term. I shudder (with horror or delight?) at the thought of the effect even a minor uprising by dispossessed poor people might have on "values" in some of these neighborhoods.

Everybody in Washington has a favorite real estate story. Mine concerns a friend who wanted to buy a cooperative apartment. Unlike in condominiums, where each resident owns his or her apartment, in co-ops everyone shares ownership of the entire building. For obscure reasons, banks in Washington will not finance the purchase of co-ops. So the custom is for the seller to help finance the sale by taking the buyer's personal note for part of the purchase price. Naturally there is some risk in this, and the seller has to be very careful. This particular seller refused to take a note from my friend, a very respectable type with a few shares of stock and a high-paying job in the private sector. What if you get fired and the stock market collapses? the seller said. This man wanted total security, so he was only willing to take a note from a civil servant. Civil servants are protected against inflation, are virtually fire-proof and have generous disability and pension guarantees. The apartment went to a woman from the Commerce Department; my friend is still looking.

M.E.K.

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You Don't Have To Join The Union.

It took nearly seven years, over $150,000, the courage of two prominent American commentators and the expertise of a national legal defense foundation. But an all-important fact was permanently established in a U.S. court last January.

You don't have to be a member of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA) to hold a job in the broadcasting industry.

So ended the historic legal battle between broadcast commentators William F. Buckley, Jr. and M. Stanton Evans and AFTRA. It did not end easily.

AFTRA first dictated that if Buckley and Evans wished to continue broadcasting, they would have to remain members of the union. Much later in court, AFTRA conceded that it could legally require only fees and not membership. But it continued in the marketplace to compel companies with AFTRA contracts to employ only persons who are members of AFTRA "in good standing."

Finally, on January 16, 1978, AFTRA grudgingly promised to send a notice to all of its Code signatories regarding TV and radio performers that "under prevailing law such persons were not obligated to accept membership in AFTRA."

It was a significant victory for Buckley and Evans (who immediately resigned from AFTRA), for the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which provided the funds and the legal expertise, and for rights guaranteed by the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution—freedom of speech and association.

The Buckley-Evans decision is reverberating throughout the broadcasting industry. Most broadcast employers had rigorously enforced AFTRA's contract language that only union *members* may be employed.

Now the truth is out—thanks to two determined commentators who took a stand for freedom and the legal defense foundation that supported them all the way.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can. It is currently assisting individual workers in more than 75 cases involving academic freedom, political freedom, freedom from union violence, and the right to work for government without paying a private organization for that privilege.

If you'd like to help prevent such abuses and protect the rights of American workers across the country, write:

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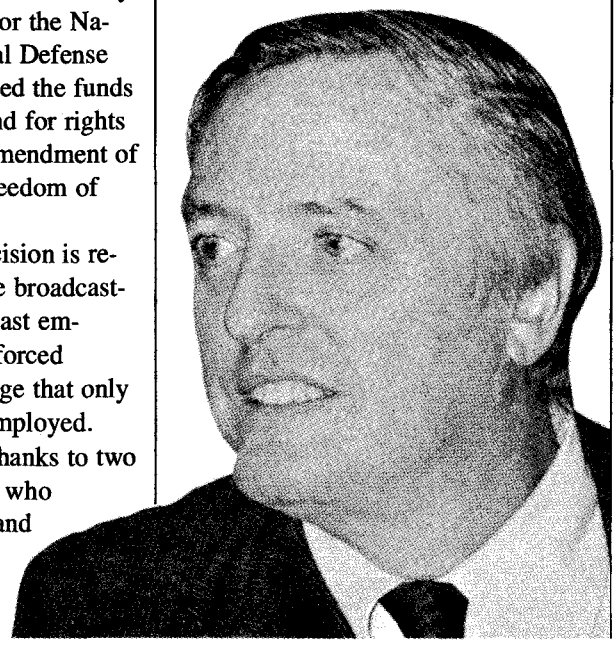
8316 Arlington Boulevard
Fairfax, Virginia 22038



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JUN 2 1978

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Of course, you'll also appreciate the civilities you expect to find in other luxury cars. Except with a 264 you'll appreciate them even more, because they're standard. There's power-assisted steering, air conditioning, sun roof, electrically controlled side view mirrors, power windows, tinted glass, metallic paint and leather everywhere you sit.

So if you're among the fortunate few who can afford the car you've always dreamed about, maybe you should test drive a car you've never even thought about.

A Volvo 264.

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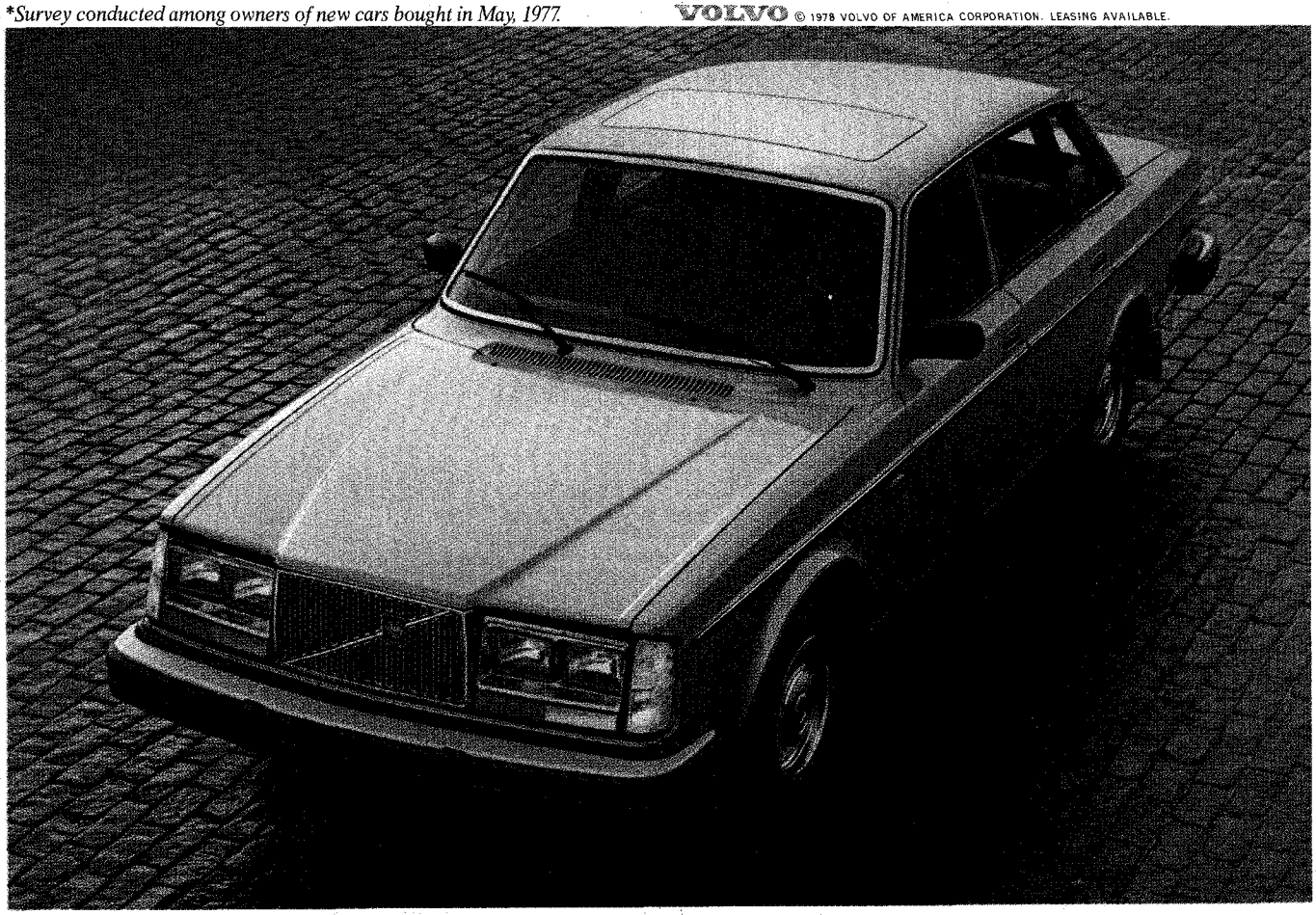

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